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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

REVIEWS.

POLITICAL SONGS.*

"OUR political poems," Mr. Wright observes in the excellent introduction to his volumes now under review, "occupy the whole space between what may be considered, properly speaking, as the feudal age, and the commencement of our modern history." They were composed during the period which lasted from the reign of Edward III. to that of Richard III. Two pieces only occur in the Anglo-Norman language, which had totally disappeared in England; both were written abroad, but the use of Latin predominates throughout the fourteenth, and even during the earlier part of the fifteenth century, showing the deep interest and active part taken by the educated classes, whereas it becomes rarely employed as the Wars of the Roses are approached, and then the poems are of a clerical character. The present volumes form a sequel to a collection by the same careful and learned editor of similar productions from the reign of King John to that of Edward II., printed by the Camden Society in 1839.

John Gower, like the Vicar of Bray, accommodated himself to the ruling powers, and, after writing in praise of Richard II., attached himself readily to "usurping Bolingbroke," whom he glorifies in Latin and advises in English verse to preserve a policy of peace, recommending him to imitate Solomon rather than Alexander the Great, in accordance with the popular wish. He was probably one of the last Englishmen who attempted the composition of poetry in French. A subsequent poet, however, takes a very different estimate of the King, and upbraids him for the execution of Archbishop Scrope, who was condemned in his own palace of Bishopsthorpe, and was led to death on a mare without a saddle and with a halter instead of a bridle. Thomas de Elmham relates the death of Henry IV. in a different manner from the received account, which has passed current since the time of Shakespeare. It appears that a false prophet had foretold that he would take the cross and die in Holy Land, to which he was admitted by dying in the Bethlehem, not the Jerusalem Chamber.

"Ficta propheta sonnit quam vivas habebat,
Quid sibi Sancta fuit Terra lucanda cruce,
Improvisa sibi Sacra Terra datur, nescius hospes,
In Bethlem camerâ Westque Monasterio."

The Prior of Lenton assures Henry V. that while at home a host of rapacious lords, knights, and worthless followers, committed every kind of oppression, whereas in time of war the priest, the monk, the merchant, and farmer, were left unmolested. The Battle of Agincourt is celebrated in a short ballad and two epigrams, and the death of the hero-king is the subject of a lament.

"Dic flens, dique morens, fert hostis sen (?) modo gaudens,
Nunc vir, nunc cestus, nunc Martis tota potestas,
Ad Francos ablit, nunc nos Anglosque reliquit."

An epigram on the assumption of the arms of France, and a poetical argument to prove the English title to the crown of that country, precede the account of the coronation of Henry VI.

* *Political Songs.* Edited by T. Wright, M.A. Two Vols. (Longmans.)

"On a Sunday truly ye may trow,
Our bishops and our abbots were mitred awor,
Two archbishops, so worthily acquainted,
And a gracious cardinal, about our King anointed.
Two swordes there were borne, one pointless and one pointed;
The one was a sword of mercy, the other of estate.
The third was of the empire the which art our gate.
Three dukes were in presence, worship to increase,
Two bishops anointed to keep in peace,
Six earls in their estate showed them all,
And the five ports bearing up the pall.
All the barons of our land together they were founded,
The judges, the knights of the shire, and the city of London."

We may ask, by the way, whether "Herrys Bully" may not be the origin of "Hurly Burly," as "Jack o' Napes," the mediæval nickname of a monkey, applied here to the Duke of Suffolk, is the old form of Jackanapes? Popular discontent at the disasters in France in the middle of the fifteenth century, and desire of peace, form the staple of other songs; while broad hints are given that the rapacity of the King's courtiers and the Duke of York's popularity may endanger the security of the crown. A depreciatory retrospect of the Lancastrian rule, and a congratulatory poem on the accession of Edward IV., with a review of his march from Holderness to Barnet, complete the political portion of the volume, in which the Lancastrians, like schoolboys flying from the rod, are described as taking shelter under the choir-stalls in St. Alban's. The one graceful composition which it contains is the Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester, who died in the crypt of St. German's cathedral:—

"Farewell, damask and cloth of gold;
Farewell, velvet and clothes in grain;
Farewell, damask in many a fold:
Farewell, I see you never again.
Farewell, my minstrels and all your song,
That oft hath me for to dance;
Farewell, I wot I have done wrong,
And I wot my misgovernance;
Farewell, all joy and lustiness;
All worldly mirth I may mistake,
I am so full of heaviness,
I wot not to whom my moan to make.
Unto Him I will me take,
That for me died upon a tree,
In prayer I will both walk and wake,
All women may be ware of me."

In these songs the growing feeling for a reformation in religion is strongly discernible. Piers Ploughman, in a Puritan strain, complains of the pride and warlike character of the bishops, their horses with gorgeous trappings, their luxurious tables, their mitres of gold and jewelled staffs, and their pompous escorts. The clergy are charged with neglect of their parishes and preference of courts and noblemen's houses, with hunting and wrestling, their presence at wakes, and chanting at the ale; while the monks are accused of living like lords, and the friars' vices are so well known as to need no description. We must bear in mind one fact, and that is, the tendency of popular literature to raise itself into an attitude opposed to the priesthood, as has been shown by the poetical literature of modern Europe from the time of the Provençal troubadours. Bishops are said to be purchased by favour, simony, or flattery, not by worth or learning. Bishop Booth is accused of neglect of his clerical duties, in being incapacitated by palsy, and disesteemed, owing to his flagrant usury and simoniacal practices. "The besan ledd the blind," is the satirist's refrain; and the "pope-holy priests" with their "wide-furred hoods," their "short stuffed doublets and plaited gowns," are desired to keep within their own bounds, and are accused of being advanced by simony. The dissolute friars receive a similar scourging:—

"Friars, friars, woe ye be
Ministri malorum,
For many a man's soul bring ye
Ad penas Inferorum.
Let a friar of some Order
Tecum pernoctare

Either thy wife or thy daughter
Hic vult violare.
There may no lord of this countrie
Sic adlicare.
As may these friars, where they be
Qui vadunt mendicare.
They will assolt both Jack and Gylle,
Licet sint pradoses,
And part of penance take them tyllie,
Quia sunt latrones;
Money makers I trow they be,
Regis proditores."

In another song they are charged with being made confessors to noble ladies; while the officers of the official courts are said to sell their judgments, and the bishops their pardons and absolutions. The early struggles of the Wyckliffites and the popular dislike of the clergy and especially of the friars, are commemorated in some poems evidently designed for circulation among the people. Piers Ploughman's successor is a Lollard, Jack Up-land, who foretells the downfall of the monastic system, while the friars are represented by Daw Topias. The Church of Rome is called Antichrist, and the friars pressed home with questions and accusations which, apparently, the Grey Friar could neither answer nor rebut. Why should a friar be considered an apostate if he forsakes his order for another? Which was the true order when each of the four Mendicants proclaimed his own to be the best? They lived in houses grander than the palaces of noblemen; their clothes were of rich materials; they farmed out districts for begging; they kidnapped children; they sold their prayers for the dead, and letters of brotherhood, which were supposed to secure salvation to their deluded disciples; they administered only penance and burial, the two offices that brought in most money; they sold masses; they locked up the Bible, and discountenanced preaching; they neglected the poor, and fawned upon the rich; and they were grossly immoral, lazy, and disloyal. One of his best arguments is, if they sell their habits to dying men to secure them from purgatory,

"Ye should sell your high houses
To make many habits,
For to save many men's souls."

Daw being in a corner (and he is, beyond a doubt, the *bonâ fide* champion of his order), retorts with hard words, sneers at the Wickliffite's grey coat, calls him ugly names, asserts that the end approves the means, and, very unnecessarily, shows his spite, by talking evil of the secular clergy. One curious incident occurs in his reply, when he explains the fact that he had some learning though an unlearned friar, by saying that he had once been a maniple of Merton Hall, Oxford.

The same charges of cheater, extortion, and gross sensuality, of hypocrisy, ignorance, and worldliness, are made in earlier poems, in which their abuse of the clergy, their indecent theatrical shows, their iniquitous method of giving absolution, and their pedlar-like habits, selling merceries, purses, pins, knives, girdles, and gloves, while they disgraced every house which they entered, are described in the most forcible language by one who says that he was once a friar himself.

One of those Latin poems, which is certainly contemporaneous with the events, affords us the means of correcting several inaccuracies in Froissart's account of the Battle of Neville's Cross. There is no mention of Queen Philippa's presence in the north, much less of her riding down the lines of the English army, and addressing the soldiers in animating language. It also presents a discrepancy from other narratives of the capture of King David, who is here said to have ignobly hidden himself among thornbushes, and been taken prisoner there by John Copeland. Among these

writers, one man, evidently the Béranger of the period, gives us his name in full, as Laurence Minot, and in one among his eleven songs, he confirms by a similar negative evidence the charge of error we have attributed to the chronicler. But his songs, which were printed by Ritson in 1825, breathe not of love but of arms, with a fine martial tone and spirit which remind us of the best of our old heroic ballads, telling, as they do, of battles by sea and land, Halidon Hill, and Bannockburn, Neville's Cross, the Twin, and Winchelsea. Minot is perhaps the first writer of English verse who deserves the name of a poet.

One of the most remarkable tracts in the first volume is a political review of the reign of Edward III., under the feigned character of a prophecy, by John of Bridlington, in Latin verse, the obscurities of which are rendered tolerably intelligible by a pretended prose glossary or commentary. A noble panegyric is pronounced upon the dead King in another, but very far shorter, Latin poem, commemorating his devotion, impartial justice, love towards his subjects, and suppression of robbers and highwaymen.

The socialist and democratic views of the extreme section of the Wickliffite party are portrayed by a keen and discriminating hand, and their mixture of politics with religion is trenchantly attacked. We are not quite sure that the perusal, any more than the composition, of satirical writings improves either the heart or the head, or renders a reader a happier man on rising from the study; but in laying before our readers a summary of the contents of the principal songs edited by Mr. Wright, we are dealing with a past age, and, after making every allowance for intemperance in the invective employed, believe that we shall gain some important new information. The Englishman in the fifteenth century instinctively turned to the sea as the security of England, and the feeling is vividly shown in two poems on "England's Commercial Policy." In the later poem of the time of Edward IV., France, the Peninsula, Sicily, Italy, Bohemia, Hungary, Greece, and Turkey, are mentioned as trading with this country for her woollen manufactures or the raw material; but the author laments the exportation of any but the coarser kinds, and the practice, customary with the merchants, mine-owners, and employers, of compelling the poor workmen to take half of their wages in goods—a mediæval tally system. In the earlier and longer poem of the period of Henry VI., in which the writer spares four lines to the memory of the famous Richard Whittington, he mentions with pride the magnificent ships prepared by the late King to render England the mistress of the sea, considering that supremacy important in a commercial point of view, and also as the surest means of securing an honourable and permanent peace with other countries, words which many a gallant admiral in Parliament might be glad to quote. Sigismund the Emperor assured Henry V. that Calais and Dover were the two eyes of his maritime kingdom. The failure of the Duke of Burgundy, to whom due metrical castigation is afforded, in the siege of the former town, gives occasion to a poem full of exultation and joy, in which we are merrily informed that the disappointed Fleming had brought nine thousand cocks to crow in the night, and eight thousand cressets to give them light, with due commemoration of the exploits of "Goby the water-bailiff's dog," and a "sportful Irishman." The author of the *Label of English Policy* hangs his rhyme upon the text of the Emperor's saying, and points out the importance of commanding the

Straits of Dover, which were the only passage for the commerce of Western Europe, of which Flanders was the chief mart; for if England had the power to forbid the passage, the countries whose wealth depended on that commerce must perforce keep peace with her in their own interest. Upon this hint he affords us a review of the principal exports of various countries. Those of Spain were made to Sluys, and consisted of figs, raisins, wines, liquorice, Seville oil, Castile soap, grain, iron, wax, goat skins, saffron, and quicksilver. Brittany, a harbour of terrible pirates, sent salt, wines, linen cloths, and canvas. Scottish ships carried to Belle and Popering skins, hides, and fleeces, and returned with mercery, haberdashery, cartwheels, and barrows. Beer, of course, was necessary to a Fleming, and it was furnished by Prussia and the Easterlings; while Germany sent bacon, iron, copper, steel, wax, skins, pitch, tarboards, flax, canvas, fustian, thread, precious metals, buckram, and card-board.

The intercourse between England and Portugal was very friendly, and the exports of the latter country embraced wines, oil, wax, leather, grain, figs, raisins, honey, dates, salt, and hides. Brabant sent madder, woad, garlic, onions, and salt fish; and the Dutch received English wool and skins through Brabant from Calais by land carriage. The Genoese brought cloth of gold, silks, black pepper, woad, wool, oil, cotton, and rock-alum; and the Venetians and Florentines came with spicery, grocery wares, sweet wines, apes, marmosets, medicinal drugs, and articles of luxury; but the patriotic poet says that the trade was injurious to England, for the Italians carried away much money out of the country, as well as the most valuable commodities, such as cloth, wool, and tin. The wily Italians, by repairing to Cotswold and the wool-producing districts, obtained goods on credit, and then sold them for ready money, at a loss of five per cent. on the purchase. They, however, made a considerable profit by letting out the money upon usury, and so increasing it largely before called upon to pay their debts. Besides this, the indulgence given by England to foreign merchants was not reciprocated, and the carrying of so great a portion of her commerce in ships of other countries, tended to the decline of her navy, and he quotes the example of Denmark as a timely warning:—

"For I would wit why now our navy falleth,
Now in these days, that if there come a need,
What navy should we have it is to dread,
In Denmark were full noble conquerors
In time past, full worthy warriors;
Which, when they had their merchants destroyed,
To poverty they fell, thus were they 'noyed.'"

But at that time there were greater dangers than possible hostilities, for rovers, commanded by one Hankin Lyons, captured vessels, and the pillaging Lombard usurers abetted and promoted secretly such depredations.

There had long been a monopoly by the Scarborough seamen of the trade in stock-fish with Iceland, but in 1424, with the help of the compass "by needle and by stone," the Bristol ships had reached that island in such numbers, that they could not obtain cargoes sufficient to clear their expenses.

The author regards Ireland and Wales as each "a buttress and port," but they must have been very weakly and treacherous, for he says that in England their loyalty was seriously doubted, and caused great apprehension. The fertility of the soil, the excellent harbours, the mineral wealth of Ireland, its abundant fisheries, hides, furs, and manufactures of linen and woollen cloths, rendered that country invaluable to England. He argues that they

possess a community of interest, but significantly quotes a maxim of the Earl of Ormond, that the cost of one year's operations in France would reduce Ireland into subjection for ever, and that no money, commercially speaking, could be more profitably employed.

The manners and extravagance of the times are not spared; but the long beards hanging down to the breast, the long hair falling as low as the eye, the high caps and short gowns of the courtiers, are duly observed on by this mediæval spectator:—

"Now is England all in fight:
Much people of conscience light,
Many knights and little of might,
Many laws and little right;
Many Acts of Parliament,
And few kept with true intent:
Little charity, and fain to please,
Many a gallant penniless;
Many a wonderful disguising,
By imprudence and misadvising;
Great countenance and small wages,
Many gentlemen and few pages."

Following the curious complaint that "poor men be peers of the land," another satirist inveighs against the corruption of the dispensers of law, the taking of bribes, and support of wrong, and adds, "the commons love not the great." Gower, in a similar vein, "with weeping eyes," he says, warns his countrymen against the prevalent vices of pride, immorality, and avarice. Another poem, which, from the number of copies preserved, it is evident was eminently popular, portrays the shameful corruption of the upper classes of society, the absence of the manliness which characterized the old English character, the neglect of truth, and indifference towards the poor. Drinking and swearing, extravagance in dress, shown by padded shoulders, high broad collars, long pointed boots, tight hose, and great spurs, which did not permit the wearer to kneel, and vain and frivolous manners, are enumerated as instances of the decadence of Englishmen.

It is quite a relief to pass out from this atmosphere of melancholy lament or bitter satire, into one brighter and more congenial, such as breathes over the pretty poem written by a Carmelite, Richard de Maidstone, which has for its subject the brilliant ceremonial when Richard II. visited the city of London to show his reconciliation with the penitent burgesses. Through streets lined with rich tapestry and fragrant with garlands of fresh flowers, the King's guardian led the way before the four-and-twenty aldermen, all clothed in red and white, who were followed by the trades, each distinguished by its livery; twelve thousand horsemen swelled the train, which included footmen not to be counted. The King, mounted on a white horse, and surrounded with nobles and courtiers, accepted the sword of office from the Lord Mayor, with the keys of the city, which he delivered to his knights to retain until he was satisfied that his subjects knew how to appreciate their sovereign. Then, accompanied by Queen Anne glittering with jewels, and attended by her ladies of honour, he passed on by a route which is not very intelligible; but that little matters, for the shouts of the people, the crash of martial music, and bright sunshine succeeding to clouds and rain, rendered the poor friar utterly insensible to such a minor consideration. In the middle of the street of Southwark Richard pardoned a homicide, while a crown was set on the Queen's head, and three splendid horses with rich housings were presented to their Majesties at the bridge-foot. The upset of a chariot full of court ladies, and the inconveniently crowded state of the streets, are forgotten on reaching Cheap, with every house decked out and every window filled with beautiful women, while the fountains ran wine, and boys and girls like angels descended

from a tower, offering crowns and brimming cups. After a halt to visit the shrine of Erkenwald in St. Paul's, the royal procession renewed its march under Ludgate, where angels showered flowers and perfumes; and through Temple Bar, where, from a forest and desert full of beasts, issued a messenger bringing a golden tablet. At Westminster a truly dramatic scene was enacted—the Queen prostrate at her husband's knees interceding for the citizens, the King gracious and smiling, delivering a verbose speech, and the aldermen retiring grateful and happy, but mulcted in a fine of £10,000 sterling.

Mr. Wright has edited these papers with his usual accuracy, and provided them with glossaries of Latin and obsolete English words, of more than ordinary value. We have noticed these volumes at greater length, because they contain forcible description, genial writing, and a lively picture of the habits of thought and manners of a past era not generally known. Like the songs of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, of Orangeman and Jacobite, they exercised an influence which it is now difficult correctly to appreciate. They were like the swift arrows drawn from Pindar's quiver, *φωναῖρα συνεροισιν*.

THE OKAVANGO RIVER.*

If our readers anticipate that we are about to serve up to them a dainty dish of African travel, with sauce of striking adventure and novel discovery, they will be elated with the same hope and depressed by the same disappointment as ourselves. Andersson we knew, and Lake Ngami we knew, and the recollected spirit of that striking work made us attack this handsome volume with an eager paper-knife. What we have found inside is not the tale of the honest Swede, whose simplicity and courage linked his name with the African lake, but the diluted diction and threadbare tropes of some book-maker to whom Mr. Andersson must have rashly committed his imperfect notes. Who this may be that "darkeneth wisdom with speech" is not important: it is important that a growing laxity of practice in the serious work of authorship should be gravely reproofed. The traveller and the sportsman ought to address the public by his own mouth. Better an imperfect speech and inornate narrative, than plain story blown up, frog-like, past the dimensions and the outlines of truth. Great suspicion but lately fell upon a traveller, whose narration, recounted by another pen, is said to have owed its many inconsistencies to that vicarious authorship. But M. du Chaillu was comparatively fortunate. Mr. Andersson's "ruminator," on the contrary, does not know Africa, and is not so accustomed to geography and hydrography as to be able to work his traveller's achievements into anything intellectually gainful or nourishing. The object of a great explorer is not to make a gaudy book. If, by chance, he lack command of the language of those he addresses, close attention on his side, and loyal faithfulness on the part of the editor he has selected, are what the public have a right to expect. Loose phrases will not settle longitudes, nor fine writing fill the map in with rivers.

Mr. Andersson is a good and tried explorer. That he is not chargeable with the faults of a bad book is a conclusion at which we arrive by the instinct, not necessarily keen, which distinguishes when an eye-witness speaks and

when an interpreter. If we are wrong, and our instinct at fault, the discoverer of Lake Ngami has retained all the good qualities for travel except the art of narrating it. Wherever, indeed, throughout this book the authentic story is allowed to get expression, the reader is instructed and interested. But hardly any dates, and almost no geodetic observations, confirm the text; a vague impression remains upon the mind at last, that Mr. Andersson looked for the Cuené river beyond Damaraland and found the Okavango—that he never returned thence, too, but was transported, in one page, to the Guano Islands—and that he is staying there to this time admiring the fleet in the harbour at Ichaboe, the occupation assigned to him in the last lines of a volume dedicated to the discovery of another great African river.

But before passing to the useful from the ornamental in this volume—to the kernel from the shell—to Mr. Andersson from his "costumier"—we will adduce some passages which strengthen our impression that the enterprising Swede is not guilty of the shortcomings of his book. Thus, at the outset Mr. Andersson is describing his Malabar servant, John Pereira. "He had received," he says, "a most liberal, and, for his station in life, unusual education. He wrote a fair hand; spoke and wrote English, Dutch, and Portuguese fluently; understood Chinese and several Hindustani dialects; and," adds the explorer with the modesty of a brave man, "could translate Latin, which is more than I can do myself." At a more advanced stage of the book, in an apostrophe to Mr. Green, the traveller's friend and companion, a Latin quotation comes in with oblivious grace: *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*, says—not honest Mr. Anderson—but his book-maker, winding up a silly rhapsody with a worn-out classic tag.

This is perhaps slight; not so the general inaccuracies and vagueness of the narrative, and the palpable blunders of particular portions. Very abruptly, and at the end of a lion-hunt which has nothing to do with Mr. Andersson, and leaves him, bewilderingly, in the Ohucramba watercourse, the book starts off to describe the west coast of South Africa. The chapter is a cento of certain naval authorities, all intelligibly quoted until the fifth page (276 of the volume) is attained. Thereon occurs the subjoined passage:—"St. Helena bay is by far the largest indentation in this part of the coast, but though well sheltered from south-east winds, is quite open to the north-west. Nevertheless, from the great depth of the water, the wind seldom reaches the interior of the port with sufficient force to injure a vessel at any season of the year. It is high water here at 2.30 p.m."

By "depth of the water," we will consent to understand that the bay recedes and narrows beyond the influence of the wind. But what is this last announcement? Has the compositor been careless and dropped an "ephemeris" of the tides at St. Helena Bay out of its place? or is St. Helena Bay the one spot in the world where high tide occurs at one regular hour?

On the same page, too, we read, "From this mountain a river discharges itself into St. Helena Bay, but, like all other watersheds in this neighbourhood, its entrance is crossed by a bar which is constantly shifting." It is absurd to suppose that Mr. Andersson can mistake a watershed for an *embouchure*: the blunder can no more be his than the Latin and the hydrography. Subsequently, in a note we are told that the word *foreshore* "means a low shore backed by higher ground." It was Por-

son who declared that when a man had once defined a word he had as much right to use it in his own service as to wear his breeches. Mr. Andersson's vice-author must therefore disport himself on his own foreshore,—geographers understand by it quite another thing. The style, too, of Mr. Andersson's exponent is very poor. Take, for an example of it, a sentence at p. 201—a perfect labyrinth of lost grammar:—"The invalids, if any remain, I can, should he continue friendly to my plans, and I have no reason to think otherwise, leave with the chief." We hardly know how to parallel this, except by the famous instance of "Pigs is troublesome animals to drive when there's a many of 'em—werry!"

But these and other errors Mr. Andersson may have overlooked or not apprehended, but we regret that he has allowed the insertion of so many stories—true, of course, if he vouches for them—but extravagant and improbable, upon the theory of a book-maker. Thus King Nangoro, of the Orambo, is declared to have died by a new phenomenon in acoustics:—"On hearing the repeated discharges of firearms," we are told, "he became so terrified that his bowels burst asunder, and he fell down dead on the spot." Surely Mr. Andersson must here be mistaken as to the nature of his Majesty's demise, or the royal intestines were of the weakest. We are told, too, of a marvellous shot made by Mr. Green on a dark night at a lion. Guided only by the roar, and hearing that imperfectly on account of partial deafness, this gentleman succeeded in mortally wounding the animal at a distance of over three hundred yards. In another passage, a lion attacks his hunter: the scene is thus described:—

"Quick as thought, the enraged animal left his first intended victim, and turned with a ferocious growl upon me. To escape was impossible: I thrust, therefore, no other resource being left me, the muzzle of my gun into the extended jaws opened to devour me. In a moment the weapon was demolished: my fate seemed inevitable, when, just at that critical juncture, I was unexpectedly rescued. D— fired, and broke the lion's shoulder. He fell, and taking advantage of this lucky incident, I scampered away at full speed. But my assailant had not yet done with me. Despite his crippled condition, he soon overtook me. At that moment I was looking over my shoulder, when unhappily a creeper caught my foot, and I was precipitated headlong to the ground. In another instant the lion had transfixed my right foot with his murderous fangs. Finding, however, my left foot disengaged, I gave the brute a severe kick on the head, which compelled him for a few seconds to suspend his attack. He next seized my left leg, on which I repeated the former dose on his head with my right foot; he once more, thereupon, let go his hold, but seized my right foot a second time. Shortly afterwards he dropped the foot, and grasped my right thigh, gradually working his way up to my hip, where he endeavoured to plant his claws. In this he partially succeeded, tearing, in the attempt, my trousers and body-linen, and grazing the skin of my body. Knowing that if he got a firm hold of me here it would surely cost me my life, I quickly seized him by his two ears, and, with a desperate effort, managed to roll him over on his side, which gave me a moment's respite. . . . Now, if D— had fired, in my present position I should have run great risk of being hit by the bullet; I hallooed out to him, therefore, to wait until I could veer my head a little. In time I succeeded, and the next instant I heard the click of a gun, but no report. Another moment, and a well-directed ball, taking effect in his forehead, laid the lion a corpse alongside my own bruised and mutilated body. Quick as lightning, I now sprang to my feet, and darted forward towards my companions."

Now, if Mr. Andersson will look again at what is here set down under his distinguished

* *The Okavango River: a Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure.* By Charles John Andersson, Author of *Lake Ngami.* (Hurst and Blackett.)

name, if he shall consider it likely that a gun could be "thrust into a lion's muzzle," or "quickly demolished" there; that a foot seized by a lion's fangs can, upon being no longer chewed, administer a kick severe enough to suspend the attack; that the beast, "endeavouring to plant his claws" on the hip of a prostrate man, tears only his trousers and body-linen; that the victim so practised upon can throw the lion by his two ears like an unruly cur; that, finally, he can "spring to his feet and dart forward" after all this mauling: why, then, Mr. Andersson knows more of him than ourselves, or even the book-makers; and we receive the astounding account, the more astounding because Dr. Livingstone has described the helpless stupor which seizes the victim of a lion's crushing fangs and tearing claws.

Our respect for the companion of Galton in his African explorations induces these remarks. We defend him from his book, and turn now to seek in it the tangible results of his undoubted enthusiasm and enterprise. What Mr. Andersson sought, under much disadvantage and through immense perils, was the river Cunene. Much talked of, it had been repeatedly attempted. Galton and our author failed to attain it in 1850, and Mr. Green is also declared to have vainly endeavoured to penetrate to its banks. Had the explorer succeeded, he might have turned, after tracing its course, to the Portuguese settlements in the west, and thus have filled in the wide blanks on the map between Damara and Ovamboland. He would thereby also have supplemented Dr. Livingstone's journey from Sesheke to St. Paul de Loanda, and perhaps have opened some rich and important country.

Mr. Andersson took the road through Damara-land to the Omaruru river. Arrived there, while his waggons underwent repair, the traveller joined a Damara caravan, bound for Lake Omanboudé. He reached this place on September 16th, having started on the 22nd of the preceding March. The lake was full of water, with elephants and other game about it in abundance. The Damara caravan was forbidden to enter Ondonga, and the explorer took a fresh departure towards the U'Ovambo watercourse, believing it to be identical with the Cunene, or at least a branch of that river. The dry bed of this Omuramba was actually crossed without notice, Mr. Andersson holding forward to the Cunene as he believed. The reports of the Bushmen still told of a great river to the north, and Mr. Andersson gradually came to believe that this must be the Mukura Mukovanja, described to him and Galton as the great river. After traversing a most difficult country, the explorer was at last gratified by the discovery of a considerable stream called by the natives of its riverain the Okavango. These natives are known as the Ovaquangari; their account seemed to make the river out as a branch of the Chobe, identical, perhaps, with the Dzo, which joins it below Libebé: the current, at any rate, flowed to the heart of the continent.

The traveller crossed the river, and held some intercourse with the chief of the opposite bank. These Africans appear to behave with marked hospitality, and to be the masters of a very rich soil. The stream at Chikongo's town is two hundred yards wide, and navigable, and abounds with fish. A method of capturing them pursued by the Ovaquangari is new and ingenious:—

"A quantity of reeds, of such length as to suit the depth of water for which they are intended, are collected, tied into bundles, and cut even at both

ends. These reeds are then spread in single layers flat on the ground, and sewn together—very much in the same way as ordinary mats, but by a less laborious process. It does not much matter what the length of these mats may be, as they can be easily lengthened or shortened as need may require. When a locality, then, has been decided on for fishing operations, a certain number of these mattings are introduced into the water on their ends, that is, in a vertical position, and placed either in a circle, semicircle, or a line, according to the shape of the lagoon or shallow which is to be enclosed. Open spaces, from three to four feet wide, are, however, left at certain intervals, and into these apertures the toils, consisting of bee-hive-shaped masses of reeds, are introduced. The diameter of these at the mouth varies with the depth to which they have to descend, the lower side being firmly fastened to the bottom of the water, whilst the upper is usually on a level with its surface, or slightly rising above it. In order thoroughly to disguise these ingenious traps, grasses and weeds are thrown carelessly over and around them."

The malarious atmosphere of the river-bank struck the whole party down with fever. To penetrate further north was impossible, and the expedition began to retrace its steps. It was reduced to a stand-still by the terrible road, the want of water, and the covert hostility of the Ovambo, who were suspected of a design to murder the travellers. Intelligence of this reached Mr. Green, who was returning from the Matabili, east of Lake Ngami. His opportune arrival dissipated all dangers, and enabled the expedition, as we conjecture, to return to Walwich Bay. No information is given on this head. The narrative diverges suddenly to stories of the chase, to the delineation of the Western Coast, and to the curiously inapposite account of the Guano Islands. We regret again that all this irrelevant matter was not excluded. Information, ever so full, upon the country and the customs of the Okavango natives would have been as welcome as all this is useless. Let our discoverers henceforward tell their own story as they travel their own course; one observant entry from an honest diary is better than all the magenta and gold of the binder, all the fine apostrophes and fancy geodesy of a compiler. Here is good matter lost in a mass of stories about other people beside the author; other places than those he wanted to find, and we want to hear about. As to Ichaboe, is it not all written in the chronicles of Captain Morell? We do not even hear why Mr. Andersson visited the granary of guano. What connection it can have with the Okavango is hard to see, unless that, as in the famous parallel between Monmouth and Macedon, there is the same letter in both.

THE LAW OF DIVORCE.*

Books written with a purpose are generally bad books; those written with a particular moral or religious purpose are especially bad; and such as are concocted with a controversial aim are usually so objectionable, that it is difficult to treat them with common critical candour and fairness. As religious newspapers are the most irreligious kind of reading, so "pious" tales, or "serious" tales, or tales invented to point a moral or to elevate a crotchet into the dignity of a theory, are anything but "pious" reading, however "serious" they may be; and they are the last books we should put into the hands of those in whose ethical or intellectual progress we felt any interest.

To teach by parable, fable, anecdote, or illus-

* *The Law of Divorce. A Tale. By a Graduate of Oxford. (Newby.)*

tration, is, perhaps, the best, if not the only way to teach the very young and the very ignorant; but it is a method which is peculiarly liable to abuse, and may be made a powerful engine for the suppression and perversion of truth. In the hands of the honest and conscientious it is as potent an instrument for good, as it is the reverse when employed by unscrupulous bigots for the propagation of narrow-minded opinions and antiquated prejudices. Hence we have had, as part of the ephemeral literature of England, "tales," like the one before us, for the last twenty years, in noxious abundance. First came stories of the Low Church school, upon which we look back with a horror which baffles all attempts at description. A certain Mrs. Sherwood, and others, were the authors of these "tales," which were meant to illustrate the Catechism, the Creeds, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Marriage Service. Indeed, all theology and all rituals were presented in an elegant and popular form, through the medium of fiction. Coarse scenes in barrack-rooms, and other equally elevated social spheres, were depicted with disgusting fidelity, to warn children against such infractions of the Decalogue as adultery, theft, and murder. The bad people in these fictions were atrociously bad, and the good little boys and girls so dreadfully and alarmingly good, that we quite despaired of reaching such an ideal standard of excellence, and remained petrified in the ordinary unregenerate condition. Lads and lasses of all ages enjoyed their sports with Scriptural phraseology ever on their lips. Dissipation took the form of Scripture cards and Scripture puzzles. Noah's Ark in the nursery took precedence of Puss-in-the-Corner or Blind Man's Buff. If these pious juvenile prigs did occasionally relax their rigid bearing, and display some temporary human weakness, and some transient sympathy with the rest of the world, they sailed paper boats, thinking of Moses in the Bulrushes, and talked of "that lovely Psalm," or "that sweet chapter of the Corinthians," in the intervals of Prisoner's Base. On the other hand, the wicked *dramatis personæ* drank, swore, and fought, with a robust and vigorous carnality which smacked strongly of the pages of Fielding, Smollett, and their worst imitators. It must be understood, however, that they had all their coarseness without their wit.

Such works have not entirely died out in what is called "the religious world," but they change their forms, for piety has its fashions, like other things, and low dresses and Low-Churchism may be prevalent at one time, and may give way to small bonnets and High Church principles, to be supplanted in their turn by crinoline, pork-pie hats, and "muscular Christianity." Accordingly, the High Church "tale" next came into vogue, and was in some respects an improvement upon the previous article. It was written with more scholarship, style, and in better taste. The scenes were not laid in "pothouses," and hideous crime was not the main ingredient in the composition. But, on the other hand, these books were narrow, disingenuous—full of party spirit, malice, and all uncharitableness. The views of opponents were treated with the most unblushing unfairness—perverted, ridiculed, travestied, in a spirit as unlike the holy zeal of Christian controversy, as a camelopard is unlike a dark lantern, or a pound of pickled salmon is dissimilar from a church-steeple. In these, tract-distributors were jeered at, "Bible Christians" treated as an admirable joke, Missionary Societies spoken of as if they were institutions propagating principles the most infamous, ecclesiastical architecture extolled,

cricket on Sunday warmly recommended, and the doctrine of baptismal regeneration illustrated by anecdote and adorned by epigram. Popular preachers were tabooed, as if they were atheists, madmen, or idiots; and prayer was set up in such an attitude of superiority over preaching, that the fact of attracting multitudes by eloquence was looked on as one of Satan's worst snares. Mr. Sewell was not so bad as Mr. Paget—he was not so small in his malignity, so Romanizing in his tendencies, so merely ecclesiastical in his likes and dislikes; but *Hawkstone* is a book which we remember with pain, and read with varied feelings, not unmingled with disgust. We have a special aversion to theoretical geometry, but we would rather take the *Pons Asinorum* into the country as a daily delectation, or meditate in the silent watches of the night on the base of the hypotenuse, until we were reduced to the verge of idiocy, than read *Hawkstone* again. The author, despite his talent, had worked himself up into a kind of theological *delirium tremens*. He descried Jesuits swarming in every crowd, and skulking behind every hedgerow, with the insane imaginativeness of a man suffering from *mania à potu*, who sees snakes in his water-jug and reptiles upon his bed. We have a disagreeable reminiscence of sarcasm expended upon theological opponents, harmless prejudices cruelly ridiculed, sound doctrines misinterpreted and assailed. We have a nightmare recollection of melodramatic horrors—almost too melodramatic for a transpontine theatre—of Jesuits boiled down in melted lead and eaten by voracious rats.

Then came a Romanistic novel, *Loss and Gain*, from the pen, it was said, of Father Newman,—the most grossly unfair and utterly unscrupulous attempt to proselytize weak-minded undergraduates that was ever made by a priest. Then, by way of contrast, fell from the press the sceptical stories of Mr. Froude, youthful ebullitions of vanity and egotism which he must have long since repented, despite their great talent and brilliant style. And now Broad-Churchism takes its turn, with muscular Tom Browns and heroic latitudinarians, who prefer football and cricket to the logical subtleties of "Quicunque Vult."

This brief account of recent tales written "with a purpose," was suggested by the perusal of the extraordinary volume before us, which professes to come from the pen of "A Graduate of Oxford." The author is evidently a gentleman of observation and culture; but in what moment of fatuous folly or under what strong temptation he was induced to write this silly book, we know not. Is Mr. Newby responsible by having seduced him with some fabulous sum to give to the world, through the medium of a "tale," his sentiments upon the Law of Divorce? His main dogma is the indissolubility of marriage, and this hobby he rides to death through four hundred pages with a perseverance which savours of cruelty. The best part of the book is its quotations, although they are very hackneyed. That does not, however, entirely detract from their merit. We rather like them, upon the principle on which Mr. Disraeli advised the late Sir Robert Peel "to stick to his quotations; for they at least had already received the favourable recognition of the House." We will confine ourselves to merely giving the heads of this discourse on wedlock. With an astounding inconsistency, the author quotes the well-known passage from one of Tennyson's *Idylls*, and the four lines are a more than sufficient answer to his four hundred pages:

"I hold that man the worst of public foes,
Who either for his own or children's sake,

To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife,
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house."

Roland Elsmore is the hero—and a most unheroic one—of this eccentric history. He marries a girl to whom he is very much attached, who bears him two children, and with whom he lives very happily; but diplomatic duties taking him away for a time to the Continent, his wife is thrown into the company of his old college friend, the accomplished seducer Walter Dunraven. With this fearful *contretemps* to his domestic happiness, described in some half-dozen pages, the story begins; and the remainder is a tedious account of the penitence of the adulterous lady, a penitence which unfortunately comes rather too late, for he knows nothing of it until he has divorced her, and married again. A repentant letter, expressive of anguish and remorse, is written by the *divorcée*, who has fled from her paramour, and is residing in furnished lodgings at Bayswater, with her unmarried sister. This reaches our hero, and quite unmans him. He immediately discovers he does not love his second wife, but that all his affections fly back to the woman who has dishonoured his bed, disgraced his name, and abandoned her children. He corresponds with her, writes to a friend, who inquires into the truth of her account of herself, and satisfies himself of her steadiness and her resolve to lead a new life. He subsequently visits, and becomes in reality the husband of two women simultaneously, in a position of which he does not appear to appreciate the advantages; for he is fretting his heart out with grief at his second marriage, and a desire to return to the first love. The new wife discovers his design, and expresses herself on the subject of the dissolubility of marriage with a vehemence and fluency that would have commanded the applause of any debating club. Indeed, her appearance upon commencing the smart and vigorous invective is described in the following words:—"Catherine stood ghastly pale, and her countenance darkened with an expression of anger, indignation, and menace, such as we may conceive was that of Cicero when he launched the thunderbolt of his oration, beginning, 'How long, &c.' We never knew the celebrated exordium of the first speech against Catiline, 'Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra,' turned to account in such an eccentric way; but the author of the *Law of Divorce* is clearly a very extraordinary gentleman, and this is only one of a hundred delightful bits of idiocy in his book.

The remainder of the story consists of an account of Roland Elsmore's fruitless attempts to return to the wife who had wronged him, and of long discussions on the nature of the marriage tie. The seducer tries to assassinate Roland, and subsequently attempts suicide, and dies in a hospital in the last page. The *divorcée* is so overcome by a controversy in a railway carriage with Mrs. Elsmore, that her health is undermined, and she dies also. Her sister Lizzy, who is a paragon of perfection, is married to a chivalrous Italian patriot, Signor Saffi; and our unheroic hero, deprived of one of his wives by death, returns to the other with philosophical serenity. They of course "live happy ever after," and so ends one of the silliest books we ever read.

The work should have been dedicated to Sir Cresswell Cresswell, and it would have been a choice luxury to have seen with how *adunc* a nose he could have sneered at the multifarious absurdities of its contents. We should not have deemed it worthy of critical notice, but for the fact that it professes to be written by a Graduate of Oxford, and that the style, which is

in descriptive passages occasionally graphic and effective, and the allusions and quotations, proves the author to be a man of good conventional culture. Whatever reasons his *Alma Mater* may have to be proud of him, or whatever honours she may have delighted to heap upon his head, he clearly has not graduated in the school of right reason or of common sense. He evidently holds the dogma, derived from theological sources, that marriage should be indissoluble; and to endeavour to popularize this unsound, unreasonable, unmanly view, he has attempted to become, what Nature never intended him to be, a writer of romance. The story is so unreal, unartistic; it is so full of semi-religious twaddle and sickly sentimentalism, that even as a first attempt it richly merits reprehension and ridicule.

It is an instance of the class of works of which we spoke at the commencement of this article, viz. "tales" written "with a purpose." A case of casuistry requiring very delicate handling—because on an indelicate question—is mauled and mangled with a coarseness which would be appalling if it were not contemptible. We must confess that we are prepared to back Mr. Tennyson's four lines against the Graduate's four hundred pages. No more awful condition can be imagined than that of a man wronged by a woman whom he so fondly loved that he is almost disposed to forgive her: his conflict of feelings would have some element of the tragic and the romantic in them; but in the case of Roland Elsmore they are neither tragic or romantic. It is absurd that any man should perplex himself about so painful a question, especially when the case is clumsily stated, the circumstances utterly unreal and improbable, and the story badly narrated by an unpractised hand, merely to enforce a misinterpretation of the text that "whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

THE OXONIAN IN ICELAND.*

WE are living in one of those periods of the world, when nations get uneasy. In addition to the great masses of men who are driven, as it were, by hunger into fresh pastures, there are thousands also who feel almost as strong a pressure from the mere excitement of the stir around them. The more earnest of these settle in the new lands, and hope to found empires: the lighter ones flit yearly to and fro, and write books about themselves and their lodgings. This tourist tribe is anything but a modern creation: it has always buzzed into life when the human herds are in motion. It is not now so guilty of cutting and maiming as it used to be; but it is doubtful how far, on the whole, it has produced more useful members of society. Before proceeding to discuss the merits of one of the latest members of the tribe, let us stop a moment, and think of the Scandinavian prototypes of "the Oxonian."

About a thousand years ago, at the season when the sap is seething in the pine-boughs and tipping them with vivid green, the fig fever used to seize upon the Vikings, and they rushed southwards to taste the fruits of softer climes, "upon the track of the wild swan," as they were wont to say. Conspicuous among

* *The Oxonian in Iceland; or, Notes of Travel in that Island in the Summer of 1860, with Glances at Icelandic Folk-Lore and Sagas.* By the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; Author of *The Oxonian in Norway*, &c. (Longmans.)

Suggestions for the Exploration of Iceland. An Address delivered to the Members of the Alpine Club on April 4, 1861. By William Longman, Vice-President. With a Map reduced from Olsen's large four-sheet Map. Second edition (Longmans.)

the Norsemen came the Icelanders, men of wit, and song, and mettle; welcome in every hall which they entered friendly, and admired even by those who cowered before their swords and their bitter tongues. Our own islands were much honoured by their visits. In the Orkneys and Hebrides they were at home; and they were not much less so at the courts of the Anglo-Saxon kings. The famous scald, Egil, fought and sang before Athelstan with great profit and glory; and in the days of Ethelred the Unready the strangers had nearly obliterated the native singers; "at that time," says the Saga of Gunnlang Snake-tongue, "the speech of England and Denmark and Norway was one and the same." But the tide has turned, long ago. If there are still any Icelanders that follow the wild swans to our shores, they are little heard of and less understood in England. But it is now in the veins of our own countrymen that the feverish pulse is pricking them on to travel. No doubt, it is partly owing to the unconscious promptings of kindred blood, that so many of our adventure-hunters are turning their faces towards the backward track of the swan, towards his nest in Norway, or even in the dismal Iceland.

England is bent on paying Iceland a series of return visits, long since due. That is satisfactory. But how as to the quality of the visitors? We speak, of course, not of the men, but of their books, when we say, that we have hitherto felt far from satisfied. The series began well with Mackenzie and Henderson. The latter visited nearly all the coasts and a great portion of the interior. His work makes no pretence to the completeness of Olafsen's Survey, nor to the science of the Reports of Gaimard: still, he was an acute observer, and what he *does* tell us is intelligible and to the purpose. But his style was not spiced high enough for the present age. We are all of us proud of the age, and vexed with the age. It is needless to recapitulate its merits and failings; but there is one failing that especially obtrudes itself on our notice, as often as we take up a new book of travel; and that is, the itch of every writer to figure as a "literary man." Nowadays, even our authors of genius steep their pages in slang. The fashion is fixed, and every "literary man" must needs be slangy. This may do very well for an excursion day at Margate, but it should not be carried out to Hecla and the Geysers.

When our "Oxonian" friend, Mr. Metcalfe, arrives at Reykjavik, he calls upon the Rector of the High School, and spies Lord Dufferin's *Letters from High Latitudes* upon the table. He remarks that the Icelanders "cannot see the fun of that exceedingly amusing book," pronouncing it "grotesque." "Oh, would that Mr. Metcalfe had condescended to learn a little from the criticism of his Icelandic friends! Not that he grins such "broad grins" as Lord Dufferin; but, then, to the latter the scenes of the Sagas were not classic ground; so that there may be more excuse for his tomfooling it, even at Thingvall, where he describes the "Change of Faith" as a contest in "the House," with the liberal members sarcastic on the "Valhalla tap" and "the ankles of Freya," &c. Lord Dufferin's *Letters* have at least a certain individuality about them, that (possibly) redeems the errors of taste; but mere tourist talk is mere botheration. A plain narrative is made none the livelier by jerky cockneyisms, nor old-world stories by terms of affected superiority. Captain Forbes sinned in this respect; but the sins of the present author are all the more to be regretted, because he appears to have been really in earnest, when speaking

of his desire to visit the scenes of the Sagas. Mr. Metcalfe is a student of Saga literature, and his descriptions of various localities are interesting to his fellow-students here at home. But it quite grieves an admirer of the fine simple Icelandic biographies to hear his favourites alluded to in the phraseology of a Strand Burlesque. Take, for instance, the tale of the two Berserkers in chapter xx., headed, "The Berserker braun—All for love—Fried alive." It has been tolerably well told by Sir Walter Scott in his *Abstract of the Eyrbyggja Saga*, and abridged rather vulgarly by Captain Forbes; but "the Oxonian's" attempts to draw fun out of the young lady's "papa" and his "Turkish bath" are weak indeed. In a similar vein of small joking (chapter xv.), he calls the slayer of the handsome Ingolf, "a wild boar of a brigand," in order to give point to his heading of "An Icelandic Adonis." Apart from these vanities, the composition is often slovenly, though there may not be many such actual inaccuracies as "instead of it breaking mine," and "Like Taillefer sang the lay of Roland." Another capital fault of this book is due to its diary form. Too minute a chronicle tires us, before we reach the points of sublimity. A few plants ought to be noticed, where they make a feature in the picture; but, as a rule, it is better to provide them with a chapter or tables to themselves. Again, how Mr. Metcalfe cuts his thumb with a piece of obsidian, how long it pains him, and how he heals the wound, are interesting facts, but would be more in their place in the concluding chapter of instruction and warnings to intending tourists. Relieved of such encumbrances, the main facts of the narrative would have more chance of being remembered.

But it is time to look after the route of our tourist. He is mounted on a little horse, enduring as a camel, and active as a goat. And it is well that he is so, considering the icy fords that he has to wade, and rapids to swim, and the lava ruts, with edges sharp enough to cut the poor beast's leg off. "Walking," as the author says, "is quite out of the question." He leaves Reykjavik on the 26th of July, on his way to Thingvall. He experiences the usual surprise at the abrupt descent of the Almannagjá, and goes through the usual descriptions of the site of the Althing. It is not till he has passed the Geysers, and is fairly on his way to Myvatn (*Ang. Midgewater*) and the north coast, that any novel interest begins.

The guides of Iceland are but blind guides. After leaving the sources of the Hvítá, the track over the lava desert was soon half lost. But—"What is that white glistening object yonder? A flight of wild swans surely." "Ay! ay! it is all right," said the guide, as we crossed at the moment a tearing torrent, and entered upon a fearful scene of desolation. "This is the mark I was looking for: 'Dead man's knoll.'" In fact, the "swans" were the bones of some three hundred sheep and twenty-two horses, that were caught by a snow-storm in 1850: seven years later the bones of the drivers were found, under the fragments of their tents, and carried to the churchyard, while those of the animals were heaped up on a sandhill; "a truly Icelandic finger-post!" And so they make their way over quagmires and lava, and past mountains of ice, and clouds of steaming hot water.

Mr. Metcalfe did not visit the eastern half of the island. It is there that the most formidable Jökuls, mountain monsters of cold and heat, shake their sides from time to time, till they darken the air with smoke and ashes, and constantly thrust gigantic spurs of ice towards the sea. It is there, too, that the Vice-Presi-

dent of the Alpine Club, Mr. William Longman, is so anxious to send his friends. He is very jealous on behalf of the beauty of Iceland. He tells us of rocks of rainbow brightness; of inexhaustible treasures for the mineralogist, obsidian, and the mysterious surturb-brand, zeolites, chalcedonies, and jaspers; he encourages the more timid travellers with the example of the wife of Colonel Shaffner, who spent two months in Iceland very pleasantly; he promises them a Scotch host near the south end of Thingvall water, with the chance of a another view of a water-volcano, tall as an alp, straight as a fir-tree, and flashing with lightning; he is eloquent on the rich pastures, and birchwood "forests," and trees (in one place) full twenty feet high; still, his Eden of Edens is the desolate wilderness. The witch caldrons of mud and sulphur in the north, that "like a hell-broth boil and bubble" under the heights of Krabla, are horribly attractive; but what are they to the heart of the south-east district, the mighty realm of glaciers? Alas, it chills one to think of the deadly ruin they have brought upon hundreds of happy homesteads.

The numbing elements and the continual brandy-drinking, assisted by plagues of volcanic eruption, pestilence, and famine, have dulled the whole Icelandic race, since it lost the invigorating life of political freedom. It is, perhaps, a part of this dulness, that they remain where they are. Surely, a man has no right to bring up his children at the infernal gates, with no tree in sight higher than his head, and no singing-bird worth speaking of. The island ought to be left to the Scotchmen at the sulphur mines, and the members of the Alpine Club. Rask, in his youth, had a dream of transplanting the Icelanders out to New Zealand, with the language and Althing restored to all their purity. Poor Rask! in another generation they would have been Yankees. No; let them stay, after all. A century ago, the whole island seemed almost doomed to die of a miserable decline. But things look a little better now; and the very barrenness and remoteness of their homes, and the sight of their fathers' tombs, have preserved virtues better than all the smartness of Cockneydom. Moreover, if no longer brilliant, the minds of the people retain a great deal of native strength, often twisted into provincial oddity. The men of the north coast are famous for the vigour of their faculties, especially memory. "The Oxonian" has sketched some very spirited portraits of some of these men. One of these was Thorsten Thorstensen, an old peasant, who, on being started in five different Sagas, recited as many passages as he was required, with *verbal* accuracy, and was ready to do the same with every Saga except the *Landnamabók*. Another remarkable man was the peasant almanac-maker—a really scientific man, though a devout believer in mermaids, and all the strange creatures of the firds.

Mr. Metcalfe approached the eastern district at Myvatn and the Sulphur Mountains about Krabla; here he saw an effect of strange contrasts of colour: "Imagine a long low mountain, combining all that is most glaring of yellow or brickdust in one of Turner's later extravagancies. Imagine heavy masses of the whitest vapour rolling over this, and athwart a field of inky black lava close by its side." After retracing some of his steps back to the blue waters and snowy mountains of Eyafjörd, he shapes his course westward, visits the old episcopal seat of Holar, and passes along the northern firds and promontories. He relates many weird legends; of troll-wives; of hags

who steal cream by charming a churchyard rib into some sort of creeping thing; of the boulder's daughter, who cried over her elfin child, and the strange lullaby heard from outside the window, and still known as the *Ljufingsmál*; and of the cries of spirits of exposed infants. As to the last, indeed, some say that it is nothing but the moaning of the coming storm, and Sera Björn that it is "the screech of a white and yellow owl. But how does he account for those strange forms which have been seen accompanying the cry, limping along sideways with one foot and one arm foremost? Woe betide the belated traveller, if the goblin manage to shuffle round him three times: he will lose his senses for ever."

Mr. Metcalfe boasts of being the first Englishman, since Henderson in 1815, who has entered the North-west Peninsula. He does not penetrate it far, but soon turns southward. At the first fiord to the south, Gilsfiord, he says: "Looking towards the water, I perceive that it is literally white with hundreds of swans, whose clear trumpet tones may be heard distinctly at intervals in the pauses of the bellowing blast." We have already objected to lighting at every page upon the *Cochlearia officinalis*, and other little plants with long names: in like manner the notes on plovers, ptarmigan, auks, eiderducks, seals, and salmon, might be better grouped, but in themselves they are often very interesting.

From the north-west peninsula, Mr. Metcalfe comes down through the Dale country at the heads of the western fiords, reaches Faxa-fjord again, without attempting Snæfells, and turns off by a cross-road to Thingvalla. He has all this time been brimming over with remembrances of the Sagas; and now he enters on the battlefields of his favourite, Níala. Two short notes were contributed by him to Mr. Dasent's Introduction to *Burnt Njál*: but the present book is fuller on the subject. These descriptions, and that of his ascent of Hecla, on the 14th of September, close the tour of *The Oxonian in Iceland*.

At the end is an Appendix, containing a history of the volcano of Kötkegiá, on the south-east coast, from its first recorded eruption, in 894, to the fifteenth, in May, 1860. With regard to the last eruption there are extracts from the journal of a priest in the neighbourhood. In case of a second edition, we venture to hope for a few plans, and more and better engravings; they do entice and help one on so comfortably. Not that we would wish to insinuate that the book is dull; far from it; but it is certainly misty with unarranged minutiae; and illustrations, if well chosen, have a wonderful power in clearing away this kind of mistiness, and bringing out the important points in their proper light and shade. It is easy to foresee that "the Oxonian" will soon be in the field again; perhaps with a special volume on the topography of the Sagas. The subject would be a good one, and he is fully capable of doing it justice, if he would only exert himself to arrange his matter and cleanse his style. In that case, it will give us great pleasure to read his book, and to introduce it to other readers.

CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES VI., OF SCOTLAND.*

If ever a man desired the shoes of his predecessor, King James VI. of Scotland coveted the crown of Elizabeth, "hungering for her

empty chair;" for as he said himself, "a farre more barbarouse and stiffe-neckit people I rule over. Saint George surleie rydes upon a touardlie rydding horse, quhaire (where) I ame daylie burstin in daunting a wyld, un-reulie coalte." And his friends reminded him that the time was long seeming when expectation of such a fortune was at hand. Mr. Bruce has given us a very interesting selection from the secret correspondence of the King with Sir Robert Cecil and other persons in England during the reign of the Queen, commencing in the year 1600. An appendix contains papers illustrative of transactions between James and Robert, Earl of Essex; and the entire volume is indebted principally to the Marquis of Salisbury, who very liberally allowed the editor to avail himself of the manuscripts preserved at Hatfield. With his characteristic cunning the King invariably used the seal of some member of his household acquainted with the secret, who happened to be in attendance when the letter was dispatched.

Mr. Hallam says that no less than fourteen titles to the succession were "idly or mischievously reckoned up;" and the Parliament deferred the settlement of the question out of respect to the decidedly adverse opinion of Queen Elizabeth, who weakly could not endure the mortification of seeing "her fading glory pale before the lustre of the rising sun;" and probably entertained an erroneous notion that the right of indicating her successor came within her own prerogative, as the last of the Tudor line of princes. At home the feeling of the people turned towards the Protestant King of Scotland, but on the Continent a strong presumption in favour of the possibility of a Roman Catholic successor was naturally, but unreasonably, entertained. In England, Robert, Earl of Essex, the early patron of Lord Bacon, and Sir Robert Cecil, became competitors for power, and during the struggle the question of the succession was determined. The headstrong Earl, who, as Northumberland said, "wore the crown of England in his heart," relied upon an armed rebellion to secure power, and spread or adopted the infamous libel that his rival favoured the title of the Infanta, the daughter of Philip II. He placed himself in correspondence with King James to counteract this policy, certainly from the year 1598, but both the letters addressed by him and the answers have never been discovered. When Essex was placed in the custody of the Lord Keeper, Lord Montjoy entreated the King to interfere; the only reply delivered by a messenger was that "he would think of it, and put himself in a readiness to take any good occasion;" and then Montjoy urged him to march to the borders, and demand the recognition of his right to the succession from the English Government; while Essex was to support him with troops from Ireland. The wily king evasively answered, that "he liked the course well, and would prepare himself for it."

About Christmas, 1600, Lord Essex wrote a letter to King James, urging him to send up, by the 1st of February, the Earl of Mar to London, avowedly in the character of an ambassador, but really in concert with himself to arrange a contemplated movement. Norton, a printer of St. Paul's Churchyard, who had a large business connection in Scotland, acted as messenger. The reply of the King is not extant, but it was doubtless favourable; for the Earl of Mar was actually sent, and Essex preserved the letter, in a black taffeta purse, about his neck, which he threw into the fire at Essex House after his failure in the City. The Government received intelligence of the correspondence, and Sir John Peyton, Lieutenant

of the Tower, searched Essex in bed, "his personne, and his body and legges naked, his shirte, and all his apparell," but of course could not discover the little black "bagge." On February 25th, Lord Essex was executed, and the Earl of Mar did not reach London until March. King James called Essex his martyr, and hated Sir Robert Cecil accordingly.

The King desired his ambassador to inform the Queen that he was "untouched by any action or practice ever intended against her Majesty, especially by that of Essex." Fortunately for him, they, in preference, had a meeting with the new head of the Ministry, Sir Robert Cecil, who had disproved the charge of favouring the Infanta, and now consented to open a secret intercourse with the King, on condition that he should abandon any endeavour to procure a parliamentary recognition of his title, out of deference to the Queen. Cecil, as Lord Bacon said, was "one of the rarest and most excellent wits of England, with a singular delivery and application of the same, whether it be to use a continued speech, or to negotiate or to touch in writing, or to make report, or discreetly to consider of the circumstances, and aptly to draw things to a point." His correspondence, which began between March and June, 1601, fully bear out this eulogium. His first letter is full of sound advice: he assures King James that the Queen was not inclined to "cut off the natural branch and graft upon some wild stock;" but recommends caution to him against "shewing unquietnesse in himselfe, or challenging untymely interest in hers, . . . to whose sex and qualite nothing is so improper as ether needles expostulations or over much curiosity in her owne actions." "The subject itself is so perilous to touch among us," he writes, in another letter, "as it setteth a mark upon his hed for ever that hatcheth such a byrd; next on the fayth I ow to God, that there is never a prince or state in Europe with whom either mediate or immediate her Majesty hath entred into speech these xii yeares of that subject." All the letters now published were written in the interval between this date and the death of Elizabeth. The secret was well preserved though known to six persons, and at one time imperilled by some incautious expressions dropped by the King in the hearing of George Nicolson, the English agent in Scotland, who reported them to Cecil, and received a strong denial in due course. On one occasion, "Master Secretary" ran a more narrow risk of exposure while attending the Queen on Blackheath: a postman from Scotland came by blowing his horn; Elizabeth stopped the coach and called for the packet, but Cecil, desiring a gentleman to cut the cords, took it, and standing "at a pretty distance from the Queen, told her it smelt ill favourably, and that it would be necessary first to open and air it." And so being "dismissed home, he got leisure by this seasonable shift to sever what he would not have seen." So much did Cecil risk for his intercourse with one whom he hoped to find "a hart of adamant in a world of feathers."

Special messengers were in all probability employed to convey the letters, and the influence of the politic and cautious Cecil exercised a notable effect upon the mind of James, who dilates upon his "long continued friendship" with Elizabeth, and congratulates himself on having "attained to a more inward and confident amity with her than ever was betwixt us heretofore." He would not "prevent God's leisure by unlawful anticipation," for he argues "it were very small wisdom by climbing of ditches and hedges for pulling of ripe fruit, to hazard the breaking of my neck, when, by a

* Correspondence of King James VI. of Scotland. Edited by C. Bruce. (Camden Society.)

little patience and abiding the season, I may, with far more ease and safety, enter the gate of the garden and enjoy the fruits at my pleasure in the time of their greatest maturity." The royal fox had not the heart to call the grapes sour which were so nearly within reach. The Earl of Northumberland was on March 17th able to assure him that "every one almost embraces you, for which we that are your trew servants are glaide of." The fact was, her Majesty "hathe been well now almost one monthe. In the twelve first days it was kept secrett under a misprision, taking the caus to be the displeasure she took at Arbella, the motions of taking in Tyron, and the deathe of her old acquaintance, the Lady Nottingham. These that were nearest her did imagine these to be the reasons. Moer dais told us it was ane indisposition of bodie, siknes was not in any manner discerned, her sleep and stomak only bereft her, so as for a 20 dayes she slept very little. Since she is growne very very weak, yet sometymes gives us comfort of recoverie, a few houres after threatnes us with dispaire of her well doing. Physick she will not take any, and the phisitions conclud that if they continue she must needes fall into a distemper, not a frensie, but rather into a dulnesse and a lethargie." He urges the King to win Cecil, "sure to him as it shall give a great hope to your business and to our cases."

On March 19 probably, "Master Secretary" forwarded to King James a copy of the intended proclamation of his accession, and Sir Robert Carey had already placed horses along the northern road, that he might be the first to bring the king the welcome news. On March 23, King James was proclaimed King at Whitehall Gate; and within a few days might leave his kingdom "full of boiling and swelling humours," for his long-desired English crown, for Sir Robert, to use his own words, had "steered his ship into the right harbour without cross of wave or tide that could have overturned a cock-boat." That "bright occidental star of most happy memory" had set, and "the appearance of his Majesty as the sun in his strength, instantly dispelled the supposed and surmised mists, the thick and palpable clouds that would have overshadowed the land, by his undoubted title:" so said the translators of the Bible, and the letter written from Holyrood, and signed by James himself on March 24, when he had not yet received the tidings that he was actually King of England, will best show the spirit in which he determined to rule. "As God is my witness, it never was, is, or shall be, my intention to enter but as the son and righteous heir of England, with all peace and calmness, and without any kind of alteration in State or government, as far as possible I can. All men that have truly served their present Sovereign shall be alike welcome to me, as they are presently or were in times past unto her, claiming nothing in that term as King of Scotland, but hoping thereby to have the means to knit this whole island in a happy and perpetual unity."

A FAMILY HISTORY.*

LORD PALMERSTON was good enough, the other night, to exercise his excellent memory with a happy allusion to the classic story of *Eyes and No Eyes*. He might have moralized

* *A Family History*. By the Author of *The Queen's Paragon*. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)

a little further, by reflecting on the large classes who are neither "Eyes" nor "No Eyes," but a third of unhappy medium. There are people who see only half of what is before them, and that is invariably the bad half. Amongst this class must be ranged the writer of *A Family History*; unless, indeed, the autobiographer was born to misfortune, or, as some people are afflicted with greatness, has it thrust upon her. It is not until the very conclusion that she obtains any kind of happiness; and what she gets is much more like the calm after a storm, than the glorious spirited play of the happiest element; and by that time, also, her dark brown hair is streaked with silvery lines, especially, as the hairdressers say, "near the parting." And all this misery is occasioned in the face of an angelic disposition, sound and practical common sense, and a tendency to congestion when on the sea-coast, where, as a matter of course, society insists upon putting her. It is impossible not to feel the keenest sympathy for Miss Elizabeth Neville—that young person (that is the correct description of a governess) is so sadly "put upon;" but it is to be regretted that she had not a little touch of the Prince of Darkness in her, in which case her career might have been brightened with some brilliant flashes of quarrelling, and her book relieved of a little too much patient suffering.

Miss Elizabeth Neville, the patrons of "blood" will be glad to hear, was of a good family, being actually connected with Warwick the King-maker. But her father happening to have married into a muddy spring, his three maiden sisters insist upon bringing up Elizabeth, with a view to restoring in one member of the family the aristocratic feelings which have been lost. Of her numerous brothers and sisters little more is heard; and presently, when her father dies, she seems naturally to belong to the three maiden aunts. Diana and Theodosia Neville are old women; they are described as being some thirty-five years older than their sister Joan, and she is old enough not to wish to have her age known. They have all three been disappointed in love affairs, and all three, especially Joan, do their worst to annoy little Elizabeth. They make her sit on a high chair, with a slanting seat, no provision for resting the feet, and something terrible to happen if she fails to keep a straight back. An ill-written copy, a chance fit of disobedience, or a lesson badly said, will be remembered years after, just in the light of "previous conviction" at the Central Criminal Court. "Once I remember," says the unhappy writer, "I took a little gum from the bark of a plum-tree, and my aunt Joan magnified it into a great crime. I was whipped, and made to kneel down and ask God's pardon, and believed myself a dreadful sinner." With this, it may safely be inferred, was associated a considerable amount of the cheap nursery terms of bogymism, the

"Poisonous names with which our youth is fed,"

as Shelley describes it in the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*. Certainly, Elizabeth is a curious young lady to deal with. She is always in intensities, and wanting some vague non-entity called sympathy. She is sensitive, and somewhat addicted to absence of mind. She falls down stairs on her head, instead of walking down on her feet; and breaks basins of bread-and-milk out of pure nervousness. Then she has a *beauté du diable*, and the aunts could not possibly put up with that. A stray visit to home brings her no relief. The brothers and sisters are not amiable. "I went up to Claudia—she bit me; Jane roared; Tom

kicked me," &c. Returning to her aunts, we at last arrive at the crowning horror.

With full particulars of the crowning horrors ladies will probably be more enlightened than ourselves. In the details occur some words with which we are unfortunately unfamiliar. Aunt Joan takes it into her head, as a piece of malice, to give Lizzie certain white gowns that had lain by for years, ever since the short waists and tight skirts worn under the Empire had gone out of fashion. These detestable gowns were "gored," and measured two yards round the bottom of the skirt. Two of them had three rows of very narrow flounces, and two were trimmed with *crevées*, an institution described as "round holes cut in the skirt, and filled up with a circular piece of fine muslin, forming a puff." To this is added, for the depth of winter, a shrunken little cloak which will not meet in front, and has to be pinned on the shoulders, and a straw hat kept on by means of tying a muslin handkerchief over it under the neck. Will it be believed that this atrocity was perpetrated in a Christian country, at a period when dresses were worn with skirts as wide, and flounces as deep, as they are now, and when very long waists were confined by a ribbon-band and buckle?

Lizzie Neville insists on being a governess. But it must not be forgotten that about this time she falls passionately in love with a gentleman named Tracy; but the aunts refuse him because he has only five hundred a year. This induces Tracy to go abroad, but he returns and marries somebody else without aunts.

The remainder of the book is occupied with governessing, and the families with which Miss Neville lives. The narrative introduces admirably sketched characters, and shows that the writer is perfectly familiar with the evils of society, not only as regards its treatment of governesses, but its treatment of society itself, and, above all, the management of children. The first family is that of Mr. Stanley, a country rector, a weak man who has married an ignorant beauty. As a family picture, it is remarkably good. The lady rules all, and affects conceits and languors under the impression that they are elegant and fashionable. All the work of the house falls to the eldest daughter, who consequently holds something worse than the position of a servant, being made an absolute drudge, despised by all the family young and old, and therefore already in a frame of mind so morbid and ill-tempered as to leave but little hope of remedy. By the time Lizzie has reformed all this she receives notice to quit, for the fine lady suddenly sees the advantage of having a pure "Parishun" to teach French to her children.

The next venture is in the family of Sir James Tanner, Baronet, who has a mysterious place called "White Cross," somewhere on some very uninviting sea-coast. White Cross is described as the place where God left off making the world. The family, if not very new to paper, are very true to life. They are thoroughly stiff and stately, and think people ought to be taught their "position." After the first "Good morning," Sir James gives no more salutation than an oppressive bow. The girls are just as bad, lady worse. The phrase is used in no irreverent sense, but they are a pious family. They are, as the Bishop is reported to have said, "resigning themselves to the will of God on ten thousand a year." The governesses are their inferiors, and no intimacy can be allowed; but the governesses are expected to work fancy articles for charities, and are obliged accordingly to put out their own dresses to make. And yet "there was not the

least hypocrisy in the religion of the Tanners. It was deeply felt." The greatest harmony prevailed over all the family. If by any chance the governesses should meet the family, "the conversation was of an improving nature, such as would benefit both teachers and children," as one of the young ladies observed. There was plenty of piety, but no fellow-feeling. However, a combination of mental disorders, arising from over-work and congestion of the liver resulting from sea-air, led to the retirement of Miss Elizabeth Neville from the priory of White Cross.

The third and last speculation in the scholastic line, with the Trevor family, is infinitely the best. We will not tell its story, because there is but very little, yet that little must be respected, for it is managed very cleverly, and, unlike many romances and jokes, does not commence with the *dénouement*. With the main incident, however, we must make the slight objection, that considering the hearty, frank, old-English manner of Sir Hardolph Trevor, he never could have consented to be one in so infamous a conspiracy. The writer, of course, may shelter herself under the undeniable assertion that stranger things have happened, but human nature demands some kind of recognition of uneasiness from every person who has sinned deeply. And, as a matter of delicacy and good taste, we can but regret that Ellen was not allowed to love Harry as a brother instead of as a cousin.

Footnotes inform us that many of the incidents and characters are from life. One or two passages, therefore, possess an especial value. For instance, during a visit to the Lakes the Wordsworth family are boldly introduced, even up to dinner-giving mark. Of the impropriety of this we do not care to speak. It is a serious indiscretion; but, the indiscretion being done, the reader can but feel interested in the result. Mrs. Wordsworth was a very plain woman, yet with something lovable in her countenance which was more attractive than beauty. Dora was in delicate health, in consequence of "that long, harassing engagement to Mr. Quillinan," and the poet himself is described as a scarecrow—a tall, gaunt man, with spectacles and side-goggles, waterproof cape, thick stick, &c. The author says, "I could not have picked him out as a poet, as I once picked out Alfred Tennyson, at a ball, from among some hundred other persons." Hartley Coleridge is described as springing up from the earth like a brownie.

It will be observed that the heroine has little story of her own besides the unceasing round of miserably small and mean annoyances; they continue almost to the last. She visits her own family once more, and her grown-up sisters still persecute her. Here is a *naïve* admission: "They could hardly find time to hook my gown, loose as I always wore it; and they generally wilfully contrived either to hook it crooked, or to leave part of my shift sticking out at the top of the body behind." But these little touches give a reality, a vitality, to every page. Such genuine human beings we seldom meet with in print; and if we have mentioned the bad characters and omitted the good, it is only because the good have nothing to say, or, having it, say it in a Westmoreland dialect, which, to us, is utterly incomprehensible. As a novel, it is quite wanting in construction and interest, but as a series of sketches of life and character, the reader will not abandon it until the last page.

LITERATURE OF ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.*

We do not revert to *Essays and Reviews* with any intention of reviving an almost exhausted controversy, of pouring oil upon almost extinguished flames. We trust that the storm is subsiding, although there are still some threatening clouds, and still some tempestuous gusts. Now that the violence of the onset has passed away, sensible people, who have endeavoured to hold their opinions in solution, are at leisure to look around, to see what has been done, and to sum up the results. This very remarkable controversy has been fruitful in appeals that come under the cognizance of literary journalism. There has been quite a snow-storm of pamphlets. We shall take, almost at random, a set of these, by no means dealing with an exhaustive list, or attempting an individual criticism. Various large works of high and extended aim are announced, and are in course of making their appearance. Up to the present, we have had chiefly a guerilla warfare before the pitched battle. There has been a brisk discharge of musketry before the heavy artillery has been got into array. We cannot doubt, from the really great names that in some instances are announced, that this promised literature will probably produce some valuable works, of permanent interest as Christian apologetics. But the intention of making the defence co-extensive with the attack, must, from the nature of the case, prove futile. The arrows of the Essayists have been essentially Parthian: they hint a doubt, and hesitate unbelief; they abound in assumptions, references, allusions; and the elucidation of these demand infinitely more space than contained by such assumptions, references, allusions. Thus, Dr. Jelf replies to Dr. Temple in a book; several other gentlemen are doing the same; and, indeed, it is only in separate volumes that the separate essays can be exhaustively treated. Several of these pamphlets, — for instance, the Bishop of St. David's Letter to Dr. Williams, and especially Dr. Moberly's pamphlet, a reprint of the revised preface to his recent work, — strike us as possessing very great value, and will probably gain an enduring reputation.

The *Essays and Reviews* are a remarkable instance of a series of questions being subjected to popular passions and national agitation, which would naturally be supposed to come within the cognizance of a limited and peculiar class. They mark quite a revolutionary era in theological polemics. Once these questions would have been discussed by learned doctors in the learned tongue, with the hearty virulence for which the learned have been so frequently remarkable. They have received much more public attention, and have been more frequently the theme of conversation, than the last division, the last opera, the last novel, or the last painting. The *Vicar of Wakefield* might have added theological literature to the mention of Shakespere, taste, and the musical glasses. Some of the results have been unfortunate, not

to say immoral. Unqualified writers have rushed into print, with the desire to earn a little cheap notoriety. Unscrupulous publishers have encouraged such speculations, from a desire to traffic with the religious earnestness of the country. We have not admitted into our incomplete list any publication that flagrantly partakes of this character. Notwithstanding the novelty of the position, the general public appear to have arrived at their own conclusions, in a manner both creditable and hopeful. Many young men, comprising a highly intellectual section of our universities, have thrown themselves into the van of this new movement, with a frankness, a quickness of feeling, a quickness of logic, which we not only excuse, but trust we respect and value. A dense body of the clergy, less marked in character but richer in experience, have been vehement in their condemnation; and if this vehemence has sometimes approached the confines of illiberality, intolerance, and persecution, we also discern a sincerity of conviction, a profound attachment to religious truth, and a kind of righteous indignation which only a shallow philosophy would despise and ignore. The great mass of educated Englishmen have, we believe, with national candour and bluntness, hit the moral bearings of the case. Of the many difficult mooted points they have scarcely expressed their convictions. If they have sided with the Essayists, they are conscious that their opinions rest upon no substantial basis of their own knowledge and reflection. If they have sided with the orthodox view, they are aware how much their decision has been induced by their sympathies. We are certain that those who have watched the tone of society and those organs of the press which are otherwise than religious organs, have noticed how the great mass of educated people have shrunk with a nervous horror from the imputation of illiberality; and have manifested perfect calmness and catholicity. To such an extent has this prevailed, that the suspicion of indifference to religious truth has been necessarily excited. But society has not failed to distinguish between the region of speculation and the region of practice. They have noticed the gross inconsistency, not to say indecency, of men occupying a recognized position in the Church becoming the prominent assailants of the faith which they profess. Society, that demands such rigid honour in the conduct of daily life, and scrutinizes so minutely the conduct of our public men, exacting unlimited sacrifices for the preservation of personal honour, wonders at their positions, so contrariant to their opinion. The disclaimer of coparcenary has been practically overruled. If a treasonable volume had been issued under parallel circumstances, no such self-made disclaimer, according to law and opinion, would be allowed to release the writers from their responsibility. It is impossible to draw the line of distinction contended for, when the seven notes produced the one harmony, when the seven stars adjust themselves into one constellation. It must also be felt that considerable weight must be attached to the charge of cruelty and hard-heartedness which Dr. Moberly brings against the book. This is not a case of careful, scientific, and candid infidelity. It is a case of insidious hostility, of vague attack, of the constant assumption of success, of random discredit flung upon all points of faith, of the diffusion of an atmosphere of suspicion and unbelief. Such is the view which Dr. Moberly, in a temperate and very ably-written treatise, sets forth, and which, we believe, public opinion does to a considerable extent reflect.

More than one of the philosophical heathen with which London abounds, has doubtless re-

* Some Remarks on 'Essays and Reviews'; being the Revised Preface to the second edition of 'Sermons on the Beatitudes.' By George Moberly, D.C.L. (J. H. Parker.)
The Edinburgh Review, No. 230.
The Reviewers Reviewed and the Essayists Criticized. (J. H. Parker.)
A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford. By the Rev. Osborne Gordon, B.D., Censor of Christ Church.
Notes on the First Essay in the Series. By E. H. Hansell, B.D. (Rivingtons.)
Specific Evidence of Unsoundness. By R. W. Jelf, D.D. (Parker and Rivingtons.)
A Protest, addressed to the Bishop of Salisbury. By Rev. R. B. Kennard, M.A.; with an Appendix. (Hardwicke.)
A Letter to the Rev. G. J. Wild, LL.D. By F. B. Hooker. (Rivingtons.)
Essays and Reviews: a Lecture. By the Rev. Cyprian T. Hunt. (Jarrold and Sons.)

marked in reference to this volume, "See how these Christians" hate one another. It nevertheless appears to us that the bitterness of polemical warfare, the bitterness of personal criticism has not been of so exaggerated a type as may be imagined. We feel also bound to observe that no superiority, in this unenviable respect, lies with the assailants of the volume. The tone of several of the Essayists themselves, their own friends being the judges, was, to a very high degree, irritating and unbecoming. The asperity they displayed, the spirit of unfairness and unkindness, has not failed to reproduce itself among a section of their supporters. On the other hand, we have pleasure in admitting that the renowned pulpit of St. Mary's has been marked by a moderation and candour which is not generally associated with the proceedings of learned bodies, and are not generally supposed to flourish with peculiar vigour in an Oxford atmosphere. That philosophical spirit which is beginning to characterize Oxford, is certainly affecting many who would be least willing to confess to its influence. It may be worth while, however, to point out cases where the laws of courtesy and charity appear to have been violated, and where the treatment, has, consequently, been immoral. We shall select our instances with rhadamanthine impartiality, one from each class of writers. The first of these is *A Brief Defence of the Essays and Reviews*, by Dr. Wild, Vicar of Dodderhill, to which a factitious importance has been attached by its favourable mention in the celebrated article of the *Edinburgh*. We are sure that mention would have been withheld, if the illustrious author, who contributed the article, had considered the nature of the pamphlet in question. This is pointed out in a letter to the Rev. G. J. Wild, LL.D., by Francis Bodfield Hooper, author of *The Revelation Expounded; A Guide to the Apocalypse; Daniel's Prophecies Collated and Expounded; Palmont, &c. &c.* One curious result of this controversy has been that authors, whose fame has been quite limited and local, have been tempted to venture upon a larger arena. We confess, that we had not previously been acquainted with the name of the erudite author of *Palmont*. Various gentlemen of his stamp appear to have issued into the fray in armour which they have not proved. They have, at times, taken down the old weapons of controversy, which have been lying undisturbed in the libraries of country vicarages for fifty years, to encounter the new theological artillery. There is a frankness and honesty about Mr. Hooper's pamphlet which contrasts strongly with the unfair spirit and literary disingenuousness of Dr. Wild's pamphlet. Mr. Hooper points out that the so-called *Defence* is in reality not the slightest defence in the world. Dr. Wild has taken various orthodox writers, and has shown in an instance here and an instance there, that they have held opinions approximating to those of the Essayists. It is manifestly unfair to attach a cumulative value to those exceptional cases. One great divine corrects the aberrations of another, and may himself be corrected in some respect by that other. What we have to consider is not these exceptional cases which are mutually eliminated, but the *consensus* of the Church. The various passages are not always fairly quoted. Bishop Butler is especially treated with unfairness, for the Bishop denies that the "verifying faculty," if we may for a moment accredit him with the felicitous term, can decide on the Christian scheme, inasmuch as finite creatures cannot comprehend the infinite relations of the subject. We are surprised that Locke's view of the verifying

faculty has not been imported into the discussion. An ungenerous use is made of the Bishop of St. David's youthful translation of Schleiermacher's *Essay on St. Luke*, and the Bishop's highly important Letter to Dr. Williams is entirely ignored. Mr. Hooper has his comments on the mischievous tendency, unfair arguing, unfounded charges, that characterize this pamphlet. We now, like the *Times* Correspondent, pass over to the opposite camp. We have before us a pamphlet bearing an antithetical title that is not quite original, *The Reviewers Reviewed, and the Essayists Criticized*. This is a reprint from our contemporary, *The Literary Churchman*, a periodical of which we desire to speak with every possible respect, and which renders inestimable services to theological students. But we can only characterize these articles as vain, presumptuous, acrimonious, and intolerant. The writer may say a great deal of truth, but he does not say it in love. The tone of overweening arrogance is peculiarly unpleasant. The author has undertaken no less a task than to entirely demolish the whole work. Even an adequate attempt of such a kind would probably transcend the powers of any living critic. The present one is immeasurably the inferior of at least several of the Essayists in learning and ability. It will be sufficient to indicate the nature of the book if we transcribe a portion of the peroration. "And now, casting our look back on this guilty volume which has made so much noise, we calmly appeal to every reader whether we have not replied to every main argument which had even the appearance of plausibility, and convicted writer after writer of shallowness, incapacity, ignorance of his own subject, and the most astounding assurance." Of the "calmness" of this appeal we entertain no doubt. In undertaking unaided such a vast and perilous work, a much more learned writer might be convicted of "ignorance," and a much more able one of "incapacity." There can be no doubt but the present one has his full share of "shallowness" and "most astounding audacity."

In the early stage of the controversy the advocates of the work were eager in their demand for specific evidence of its unsoundness. It was imputed by the *Edinburgh* reviewer that the Bishops had gravely erred in not advancing distinct charges. We are very far from considering the Bishops a synod of infallible popes. Their manifesto was worth that of a couple of dozen elderly gentlemen, rather prejudiced on the side of authority; of course the weight of their episcopal character being added, whatever that may happen to be. No one contends that the bishops have that superiority in moral worth and intellectual rank which they possess in temporalities. Their omission, if such it were, has been abundantly supplied. The volume has on every side been subjected to acute analysis, such as has been rarely surpassed in rigour. On whatever side we approach the subject, the results of the different analyses do not vary greatly. The Essayists themselves are silent, and decline to incur a formal confession of belief or unbelief. Shall we accept the analysis of the extreme right, as indicated in Dr. Pusey's letter, or of the extreme left, as shown by the *Westminster Review*? Shall we take the speech of that great iconoclast of error, Dr. Jelf himself, whose unenviable lot it has been to revive the part which he played with Mr. Maurice, or the report of the Committee of the Lower House, appointed to ascertain the grounds for proceeding to "Synodical judgment"? The chairman of the committee, Archdeacon Deni-

son, has also issued a private analysis on his own account. Having recently escaped prosecution at the hands of the remorseless Protestant, Ditcher, the Archdeacon has commenced a little mild persecution on his account. We have noticed that those who have been flogged at school, often meditate on the propriety of turning schoolmaster. It seems to be agreed that there is a "colossal" man somewhere who has outgrown all traditional belief, whose "educated intellect" relegates into "human utterance" all that dares not commend itself to the "verifying faculty," and who, rejecting old-fashioned hermeneutics, invents a new system of interpretation. The various analyses pretty well concur that clergymen "deny, call in question, or disparage" the following doctrines of the Church: Miracles, Prophecy in the sense of Prognostication, the Descent from Adam, Original Sin, the Incarnation, the Atonement, Inspiration, the Personality of the Spirit, and various historical statements of the Old Testament which appear to have been sanctioned by our Lord himself. Moreover, simply in an ethical point of view, much might be said respecting the idea that the Creeds of the Church may be now laid aside, and that men may use her Articles and Formularies, in respecting them in a non-natural sense. But that which we have noticed as involving the most positive and practical results is the doctrine of Ideology. This implicitly involves an amount of Jesuitry, which is most dishonest in a literary view, and most intolerable in a popular view. We should be sorry to find among the English clerical orders parallels to Molina and Escobar. Let us take an instance to illustrate the process. The Ideologist applies the doctrine of the *myth* to the Gospel narrative. The Miracle of the Tempest is simply a storm ceasing by a happy coincidence; the Miracle of the Five Thousand is simply a large multitude entertained by a spontaneous liberality. Yet, while this is his real view, the Ideologist would not hesitate to dwell on each detail of what is to him little better than a baseless legend, with the utmost fervour and pathos. An unsuspecting congregation might not fail to contrast the good man's literal teaching with the unhappy Germanizing of some modern divines. Believing that the lessons of the story were true, the Ideologist would not hesitate to spiritualize the details whose objective reality he denied. This is the very spirit of Strauss or Paulus. The legitimate disciple of Schleiermacher would not hesitate, in a spirit of comprehensive liberality, to subscribe to the Council of Trent, at Rome; then to pass over to Lambeth and sign the Thirty-nine Articles; and next to travel to Edinburgh and sign either the Larger or the Shorter Catechism. Everything depends upon the standpoint of view which we choose to adopt. Now everything of this kind is utterly foreign to the clearness and plain speaking of our national idiosyncrasy. An infinitesimal minority of Ideologists would awaken nothing but disgust in the sturdy honesty of the English mind. One disadvantage would be that the cause of free discussion and advanced learning would immensely suffer. An ill-informed and undiscerning public would agree in the wish expressed by an old-fashioned divine, that German theology and German metaphysics and German criticism were all at the bottom of the German Ocean.

We may have had, at one time, a vague intention of passing under rapid review the various publications that have been issued in the course of the controversy. Thus we should have been happy to have reported that Mr. Rust writes with rare knowledge of the sub-

ject, that Mr. Plumptre is eloquent and earnest, that Mr. Kennard is also eloquent and earnest, that Mr. Jenkins's letter to Dr. Stanley shows great acuteness, and that Mr. Osborne Gordon, of Christ Church, writes so well that we greatly regret that he has not written more. Thus we should have endeavoured to soften the asperity of debate by our honeyed accents. But the accomplishment of the hope has been beyond our power. The number of these publications may be roughly estimated at about fifty or sixty, and "the cry is still, They come." Mr. Gordon says a good thing, and good things are not so plentiful that we can afford to miss them. "Dr. Temple's Essay may be considered as a School Report on the progress of the human race. If those who are offended by its tone would look at it in this light, they would not find so much to object to. But Report-writing has a bad effect, even on minds of the highest class." He has also eloquently touched a real point at issue when he says, "Far be it from us to sever, with the knife of a cruel and malignant logic, the vital chord that binds one single human soul to the hope of life eternal." We sincerely regret that his great reputation is confined within academic walls. However, though we cannot deal with this literature in detail, it may be possible summarily to indicate its general drift and tone, and some of its literary, social, and religious aspects. Among the polemical and destructive parts of these writings we are very glad to perceive a large positive and constructive element. Thus, many impugned doctrines of the Bible, that seemed, through a system of silent assent, to be hardening into petrefaction, have been restated with fulness, energy, and learned animation. The frozen blood of the "body of Divinity" has been made to course freely. A great impulse has been lent to the study of hermeneutics and exegesis. Men have been shaken from their traditions into more life and reality. It is impossible to look into this new literature, which has sprung up so rapidly, and will as rapidly die away, without perceiving that the free ventilation of these subjects has had its advantages; that we have gained, though in a scattered and desultory fashion, new materials of thought and knowledge; that we have the advantage of a number of side-lights; and all the great indefinite good that arises from the play of free and enlightened thought. And still more will this be the case if we gain, as there are reasons to hope, some real additions to the library of theology.

We cannot also fail to notice with what unpreparedness this blow has fallen upon the orthodox school. Months elapsed before the clerical mind was able fairly to take in the new and portentous volume. Ordinary readers have felt the necessity of a great deal of enlightenment as to which are the heretical and which the non-heretical parts of the work. Just as the war panic showed the defencelessness of our coasts, so the present panic has shown the narrowness and ignorance that characterize a great section of the country, and the utter inefficiency, or rather total absence, of any proper theological training for our clergy. In obscure quarters all the harm has been put down to German neology, although, properly speaking, the neological school in Germany has passed away for sixty years. Nothing is more indiscriminate and intolerant than the general condemnation of German theology which still remains among imperfectly educated people. Some of our most popular modern theological works are based on German sources. What would Dean Alford's first volume be without Stier, or Dean Trench on the Parables without

Olshausen? It is instructive to remember that German scepticism owes its origin to England, and that Lessing himself was taught by Hobbes and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The plant of German rationalism yielded the flower of Biblical criticism. To the age of Illuminism succeeded the age of Restoration, if, indeed, so chequered a period rightly deserves such a title. It is scarcely too much to say that the difficulties and objections which the Essayists have borrowed from Germany have in Germany already been discussed and answered. Clark's Foreign Theological Library alone is a perfect armoury. While the German orthodox school has been battling with these subjects for years, the Church of England has stood aloof in apathy or ignorance till perils have appeared within its own borders. The result is, that we have had a religious panic, which, though it may evoke elements of good, has not prevailed without that distress, injustice, and absurdity inseparable from all panics. Those who have been intoxicated by these shallow draughts from German fountains had better drink deeper. A fuller study of the archaeology, lexicography, grammar of Germany, and, above all, of such treasures of exposition afforded by such saintly men as Neander was, and Stier is, would but assist to sober them again.

That the Christianity of nineteen centuries has been about to be blown away is scarcely a supposition that has commended itself to any thinking or religious mind. Nevertheless, the teaching of the *Essays and Reviews* must have been fraught with misery and doubt to tender consciences and young and eager minds. Such will do well to remember to follow Professor Plumptre's argument, that faith is an absolute necessity at the outset of an intellectual career; that there are multitudes of subjects where we must either hold our judgment in suspense or believe on trust; that to judge would be hasty and superficial, and that hasty and superficial judgments are unscholarlike and superficial. And when these angry waters of controversy have subsided, there remain lessons which all controversialists may lay to heart. They may appreciate better that blessing for which the king-minstrel sighed, to be "kept in secret from the strife of tongues." They will take it deeply to heart that religion was surely designed for something better than controversy about religion. They will turn away from such to simpler and more satisfying food, to words whose simple beauty includes a primal revelation which would deprive controversy of all its bitterness, and holding which those who differ widely cannot widely err,—that "God is a Spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

SHORT NOTICES.

Life in the Land of the Fireworshipper. By Charles de H*****. Edited by Fredrika Bremer. In two volumes. (Newby.) From the very complimentary letter addressed by Miss Bremer to the author—a facsimile of which is prefixed to the first volume of this work—we were led to anticipate attractions of no ordinary character in Mr. Charles de H*****'s *Life in the Land of the Fireworshipper*. To say that the book has fallen far short of our expectations is but a feeble expression of the disappointment we experienced during its perusal; and we can only regret that Miss Bremer could have been induced to lend her name to such a crude and unprofitable production. As it is impossible for any one who is acquainted with the unswerving truthfulness and honesty of purpose that characterize this talented lady's writings, to suppose that she could have been ac-

tuated, in this instance, otherwise than by the most conscientious motives, we are inevitably forced into the conclusion that either her patriotism must have influenced the too favourable judgment with which she has regarded the literary merit of her countryman, or else, as we may gather from her prefatory letter, that the devotional and theological tone of the book has disarmed her criticism. It is on one or both of these suppositions alone that we account for the eulogistic flourish of trumpets with which Miss Bremer has introduced to the English public an author who possesses no other claim on our attention than his prudence, or good fortune, in having secured the services of so able an editor. If Mr. Charles de H*****—for, with the characteristic modesty of true genius, he seeks shelter in a constellation of asterisks—possesses but half the practical experience of Oriental life to which he lays claim, he must have either sadly abused his opportunities of observation, or else must lack altogether the faculty of communicating to others the results of his own experience. With the exception of the substitution of "Curd," "Aly," "Ghiar," "Caravanserail," &c., in place of the time-honoured orthography of "Kurd," "Ali," "Giaour," "Caravanserai," (the "cup of *taffee*" (?), vol. ii. p. 18, we lay at the printer's door, inasmuch as we feel convinced that the Persian equivalent for the Eastern condiment would be "lump of delight," or some other circumlocutory Oriental euphemism,) the two volumes before us throw but little more light on Eastern life than might be obtained from the perusal of *Lalla Rookh*, or a visit to the "Cirque Oriental" at Cremorne. The author's object, as he informs us in his preface, is to give a "truthful description of Asiatic life;" but being apparently of opinion that mere unvarnished facts will not be palatable to the general reader, he has seasoned his experiences with a spice of romance, and served up the whole somewhat in the guise of an Oriental novel "with a purpose." His principal *dramatis personæ* are Nourchid, a young Gueber, possessed of marvellous valour and discretion; Ferouza, an Armenian lady of surpassing beauty, who, after a series of astounding adventures by flood and field, is eventually happily united to the gallant Gueber—the ceremony, as described by our author, having, by the way, a strong family resemblance to the form for the solemnization of matrimony as prescribed by the Church of England; a Mr. Leonard, a British missionary, happy in the possession of

"Every virtue under heaven,"

and a wife to match; and a few supernumerary Curds, Sardars, Dervishes, Feruches, who, like their stage prototypes, put in an appearance rather for the sake of ornament than use. The characters of Nourchid and Ferouza call for but little comment, for the simple reason that they are mere nonentities, dragged into notoriety by the network of impossible circumstances with which our author delights to envelope them. The young lady, indeed, as far as we can make out, is a mere "peg" whereon Mr. Charles de H***** takes occasion to hang an elaborate comparison between female life in Europe and Asia, certainly not to the disadvantage of the latter. We quote the passage in *extenso* :—

"Shall we call this the honeymoon? ah, no, it was the burning sun of Asia shedding around the brightest rays in the midst of an azure sky! Does Ferouza ever think of the past? does she ever look forward to the future?—she only lives for the present moment—life is to her a fountain of pleasure, into which she plunges with delight—a paradise on which her eyes rest in ecstasy. If man were permitted to create his own happiness, she could have added nothing to hers."

"Do the women of Europe ever feel thus? with them everything is so divided, their happiness more than any other sentiment. Wit, pride, frivolity, and vanity have a large share in this small division—they fritter away their affections in money, and remain poor for love alone."

"Besides, the harem concentrates a woman's affections on one object alone; our drawing-rooms, on the contrary, extend them to a thousand different ones. The Arabian proverb says truly—'The spring of water which shoots up into the air, falls back in spray; but that which flows on the ground, becomes a torrent, which will uproot trees and rocks.'"

In his portraiture of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, our author, with a foreigner's pardonable vanity, has endeavoured to impress on his readers his intimate acquaintance with the leading traits of our national character. They accordingly, in the British fashion,

traverse unexplored wilds without any obvious purpose, beguiling the tedium of the journey with prolonged soliloquies and profound philosophical and theological disquisition—talk despondingly of “our terrible foe, the spleen”—and indulge in all the varied eccentricities that are inseparable from the continental idea of the travelled Englishman. Brusque, however, and uncouth as the Briton proverbially is, both at home and abroad, we were scarcely prepared for such an exhibition of this national failing as the following. An English officer, resident in Persia, meets with a country-woman whom he has never seen before, and immediately, “without further circumlocution, addresses her:—

“How do you do, madam? You are terribly splashed, by Jove! My room is at your disposal. Well, an Englishwoman in Persia is not a sight to be seen every day. My name is Carrick—Doctor Carrick; at your service. You are quite wet. Ha! Ha! We have been here two days already; three men mortally wounded by these rascally Kurds; but we gave it them famously too! Ha! Ha!”

“The gallant doctor rushed after her, offered her his arm, and conducted her to one of the rooms.

“I am sorry I have no ladies’ maid to offer you in this wilderness,” said he, rubbing his hands; “if we had been at Teheran, by Jove, I should have had the honour of receiving you in my own house, which is famously fitted up, I assure you—a perfect smugery, by Jove! Ha! Ha! Ha!”

On the lady having retired to her apartment, the officer and gentleman thus soliloquize:—

“Ha! ha! ha! By Jove, what a little dragon, and pretty too! By St. Patrick, a waist like a Circassian, but as wet as a fish, poor thing! Ha! ha! ha!”

Subsequently the missionary and his wife are invited by the officers to dine at mess, when we are favoured with the following “elegant extracts” from the conversation:—

“How do you manage, Colonel,” said she, “to have such excellent servants as these in Persia?”

“Oh!” answered Colonel Hall, “by flogging them.”

“Flogging,” repeated Mrs. Leonard, astonished.

“Oh! yes, just so,” said Colonel Hall, “it is the way we discipline the army.”

“But do you really mean to say,” said Mrs. Leonard, “that you flog all those poor soldiers I see down stairs?”

“Oh! yes,” said Colonel Hall—“discipline you know, eh.”

“They are all brutes,” added Colonel Maclean, “regular brutes, I assure you.”

We leave our readers to form, from the above examples, their own opinions as to the quality of *Life in the Land of the Fire-Worshipper*. All we can say is, that unless Mr. Charles de H*****’s picture of Oriental society and character are more faithful representations than his sketches of English military and missionary life, we cannot congratulate him either on his truthfulness or discrimination.

Sermons preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. By George Salmon, D.D., Fellow and Tutor. (Cambridge: Macmillan.) Dr. Salmon has acquired a very high reputation as being one of the first mathematicians of the age: he possesses also another kind of reputation, not without a value of its own, of being a wonderful chess-player. Unless we are mistaken, he may be of still greater use as a teacher of theology, and attain a still higher reputation. The present volume belongs to a class which we only wish was more numerous. It is not often that a writer of sermons really and honestly brings all his culture and all the powers of his mind to the consideration of the subject he is discussing. In too many cases it happens that the mental power is inconsiderable, and the degree of culture not worth mentioning. We are told that the sermons were preached to an academic audience, and we should gather this at once when, in the very first sermon, we find an elaborate description derived from the seventh book of Thucydides. Generally speaking, there is a more familiar and literary tone adopted in these sermons than we are accustomed to find in English pulpits, or than could be advantageously brought into prevalent use. Thus we have a rather long quotation from Sir Thomas More, a discussion of a thought of Thomas Aquinas, an account of some curious advertisements that appeared in the newspapers, insisting that our Lord suffered on a Thursday and not on a Friday, a detailed appeal to “a very interesting letter of St. Augustine.” Dr. Salmon says that this letter gives the origin of the proverb, Doing when at Rome as those at Rome do: of this, however, we are

scarcely convinced. It seems that the mother of St. Augustine was scandalized that the Saturday fast usual at Rome was not observed at Milan. Augustine consulted St. Ambrose, who advised him, whatever church he came to, to observe the custom of the place, and also made the remark which coincides with the proverb. There is a great deal of practical wisdom in the story, which zealous ritualists and non-ritualists would do well to observe. The great merit of the book is the careful and scientific treatment it affords to grave religious subjects. We would mention the sermons on Justification, and the collation of the teaching of St. James and that of St. Paul; also the sermon on the Causes of Scepticism, the intellectual causes and the moral causes, although the line between the two is scarcely strictly observed. Very much to the purpose are the remarks on the great value of general education, in its bearings on theological education. Dr. Salmon alludes to the practical use more than one of his pupils has made of a saying in Aristotle’s Rhetoric, or a parallel in history, or a chapter of political economy. “Improving an occasion” is a practice which ought to be watched with some suspicion; but there is true pathos and point, when the author, dismissing his academic audience for the Long Vacation, reminds them how Archdeacon Hardwicke was cut off in his summer tour, with many a plan of usefulness unaccomplished. We would especially recommend this book to ministers and students of theology. Its perusal will give valuable teachings, increased breadth of view, and ought to add to a man’s earnestness of purpose. We can scarcely give higher commendation, when we say that this volume ought to be placed on the same shelf with the sermons of another great luminary of Trinity College, now gone from us, William Archer Butler.

MAGAZINES.

Cornhill. If we have sometimes felt afraid that the *Cornhill* was falling off from its high standard, the present number is well calculated to remove any such misgivings. More brilliant pages than the present instalment of the “Adventures of Philip,” Mr. Thackeray has never penned. The point of view with which society contemplates the injudicious loves of unestablished young people, is depicted most originally and with the utmost fidelity. The part about Socrates and the hemlock is a masterpiece of conversational humour. We might almost fancy ourselves listening to the shrewd and benevolent satirist, and the dash of serious purpose is in Mr. Thackeray’s best and most effective style. The present number witnesses the commencement of a new story,—“The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.” We have heard this attributed to Mr. Anthony Trollope, and we certainly shall not attempt the proverbial difficulty of asserting a negative. The story is doubtless written with the serious purpose of exposing commercial immoralities, and a serious purpose is always very laudable; but, we confess, we desiderate that light piquancy and grace that gives such a charm, however evanescent, to the life of our public offices and cathedral closes. A little poem by Charlotte Brontë has much interest and melancholy attached to it; owing, however, its interest and melancholy to the fact that it is by Charlotte Brontë. There are two clever social papers, with inimitable illustrations, “At Westminster” and “A County Ball,” the last being one of Doyle’s “Bird’s-eye Views of Society.” Certainly Mr. Doyle’s power is very great, greater than Mr. Leech’s; but there is one thing which Mr. Doyle scarcely manages, and which Mr. Leech effects with the utmost facility—a really pretty and ladylike girl. The “padding” of the number is of a very creditable description. The “Dissolution of the Union” is very opportune. “Burlesques” is very learned. A paper on “My Scotch School” purports to give a general idea of the Scotch parochial schools. The description is founded on a very limited induction, and we are not disposed to admit its accuracy. A long and important article, “The Convict out in the World,” precedes the usual Roundabout Paper. It is a rather discreditable

fact, but we have no doubt that the story of “Great Expectations” will tend to give people a greater interest in the matter than the Blue Books. We perceive there is an instalment of Mrs. Stowe’s “Agnes of Sorrento,” but we really have not cared to read it.

St. James’s. The current number of the *St. James’s Magazine* is quite up to its usual mark, whatever that may be. It will be sufficient to ensure its popularity to mention among the contributors to the present number, in addition to the accomplished lady who edits it, Rev. J. G. Wood, Frederica Bremer, Dr. Doran, and the author of *Paul Ferroll*. These authors have, however, scarcely left upon our mind the impression that they have done their best, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Wood, the least-known of them. In pursuance of our critical functions, we shall select its very worst article for notice, “Buried in Westminster Abbey,” which is the most decided twaddle. The paper is concerning Lord Macaulay; and of his burial in Westminster Abbey—which must ever be imprinted on the memories of those who attended it, and which would be an excellent subject for any writer who happened to know all the circumstances—there is really about a line and a half. What we really have, instead, is a tenth-rate review of Lord Macaulay’s *Miscellanies*, which the writer is pleased to mention as “just issued,” although they were reviewed in this journal about a year ago. It may be worth while to revert to one or two sentences in the article. “He lived to chronicle in his person the birth and growth of the journalistic revolution as born with the *Edinburgh Review*.” Macaulay’s connection with the *Edinburgh*, when he was just emerging from long clothes, must have been, to say the least, limited. “Everybody knows how Lord Lansdowne read his article on the Ballot and brought him into Parliament.” Everybody knows nothing of the kind. Lord Lansdowne did not bring him into Parliament for an article on the Ballot, inasmuch as Macaulay, we venture to affirm, had written no such article. We continue the sentence; “how he was enlisted under the banner of the Whigs”—as if he had not enlisted long before—“how he made a speech on slavery.” The famous speech on slavery was made years before, at Freemasons’ Hall. Macaulay recalls Milton, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hume. “I might run on thus till I exhausted a whole encyclopædia.” Does this writer imagine a encyclopædia consists only of proper names? Macaulay’s article on History is especially selected for applause, an article which he would never reprint, and which no one with any real knowledge of history would ever endorse. His style is “simple and unelaborate”—assuredly very misjudged epithets. “Every biographical dictionary has discussed the historian’s political career in detail.” Where are these wonderful biographical dictionaries to be found? We imagine that it is from some obscure publication of the kind the writer has compiled this ill-arranged and stupid paper. We must give one more gem. Macaulay was “as great as Addison or a self-asserting individual.” Who on earth is a “self-asserting individual”? Our own notion of the character comprises the idea of a considerable amount of impudence. We might probably define him as a person who undertakes to write when he knows very little of things in general, and nothing of his own subject. Where is the editorial acumen? When periodical criticism abounds with excellent criticism on Lord Macaulay, why, so late in the day, should such a feeble farrago as this be served up?

Fraser. A. K. H. B. has an amusing paper in this month’s “Fraser,” entitled “Concerning Veal, or a Discourse of Immaturity,” in which the vices of youthful authorship are exposed, and lashed with an unsparing hand. Mr. Froude contributes another valuable article—a few more words from the Archives of Simancas, in which several letters are published throwing further light upon the interesting story of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Dudley, and Amy Robsart, with a modest preface by Mr. Froude himself. Another interesting contribution is that on the Edda, by Carl Lottner. There is one also on what is, after all, the topic of the day, the disruption of the American Union, a subject, the vital importance of which it is impossible to over-estimate, though, in the

popular mind, it may for a time have yielded in interest to the case of the Baron de Vidil, or the Northumberland Street tragedy. There is some poetry—shall we ever have any more good poetry in our Magazines?—and the tales of "Good for Nothing" and "Ida Conway" are progressing with increasing interest.

Christian Examiner. We are indebted to the courtesy of the American publishers for transmitting to us, across the Atlantic, the current number of this periodical. American theological literature deservedly stands very high in America: it perhaps considerably transcends in bulk that published in this country, and shows an acquaintance with the theological literature of the Continent which quite transcends anything that is attempted by our own religious press. The opening article of the number, on Epicurus and the Epicureans, though not sufficiently scholarly, possesses both eloquence and wit. The article on the Origin and Composition of the Acts of the Apostles is valuable as an exponent of some Tübingen criticism, but is itself vague and inconclusive. The theology of this publication is decidedly of a most "liberal" description: we might more simply characterize it as Socinian. We are rather surprised that a journal of such pretensions should translate bodily an Essay from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This, however, is the case with the paper on "The Church of Holland,"—a country with whose literature Englishmen in general possess a most imperfect acquaintance. The editor, however, appropriates the article by sundry annotations. For instance, the following. The French critic having mentioned certain writers, the American critic adds: "Among these may be mentioned Hockstra, Professor in the Mennonite Seminary at Amsterdam, who has drawn up an excellent commentary on the Canticles, interpreted on the theory, now admitted in German criticism, of a dialogue between Solomon and a young country girl whom he tries unsuccessfully to marry." It is certainly new to us that this theory is "now admitted in German criticism." We quote the following anecdote, which is satirical enough on the weaknesses of good people. "My dear friend," said a nice gentleman, the other day, to his Christian neighbour, 'from which of your powers do you anticipate the most delight in your old age?' 'From the faculty of sleeping,' was the thoughtful reply. 'Indeed! Now I anticipate more from the table; the table—give me the table.'"

We have received the following Serials and Pamphlets:—No. 2 of the *Sixpenny Magazine* (Ward and Lock); *The Boys' Own Magazine*; *Boys' Own Library*; *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*; *Illuminated Family Bible* (S. O. Beeton); *The Ladies' Treasury*; *Illustrated History of England*, Part 19; *Popular Natural History*, Part 29; *Cassell's Family Paper* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin); *Chambers's Household Edition of Shakspeare*; Part 33 of *Chambers's Encyclopedia for the People* (W. and R. Chambers); *The National Magazine* (Tweedie); *The Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society); *The Pharmaceutical Journal*, August (Churchill); *Oxford Pocket Classics, Cæsar de Bello Gallico, and Cicero's* (J. H. Parker); *A Guide to Patients for obtaining admission into the London Hospitals* (Stanford); *The Cosmopolitan Review*, No. 7 (Pitman); *The Eclectic Review* for August (Judd and Glass); *The Hurst-Johnian* (Treacher, Brighton); *Le Follet for August* (Simpkin and Marshall); Part 1 of the *Old Testament*, abridged (J. Briscoe); *Reasons for a Reform in the Currency*, by Robert Slater (Erfingham Wilson); *A Letter on the Bank Charter and the Currency*, by Edmund Phillips (Bowie); *Free Trade in Gold, and the Bank Act of 1844* (Erfingham Wilson); *Discourses on the Essays and Reviews, and Three Supplemental Discourses*, by the Rev. Robert Ainslie (Manwaring).

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Andersson (Chas. J.), *The Okavango River, a Narrative of Travel and Adventure*, 8vo, 21s. Hurst and Blackett.
Beasley (H.), *Druggist's Receipt Book*, fifth edition, 18mo, 6s. Churchill.

Benson (Evelyn), *Ascombe Churchyard*, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.
Black's *Guide to Hampshire and Isle of Wight*, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d.
Black's *Picturesque Tourist of Scotland*, fifteenth edition, 12mo, 8s. 6d.
Bradshaw's *Illustrated Handbook to Switzerland*, new edition, square, 2s.
Brinton (W.), *On the Medical Selection of Lives for Assurance*, third edition, 12mo, 2s. Layton.
Broome (S.), *Culture of the Chrysanthemum, as Practised at the Temple Gardens*, fifth edition, 12mo, 1s. Walker.
Dalgairn (J. B.), *Holy Communion, its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice*, 8vo, 5s. Duffy.
Dickens (C.), *Great Expectations*, second edition, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Chapman and Hall.
Dickens (C.), *Old Curiosity Shop*, illustrated edition, vol. I., post 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Falkener (E.), *On the Hypæthron of Greek Temples*, royal 8vo, 3s. 6d. Longman.
Fletcher (T. C.), *Scientific Farming Made Easy*, second edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Routledge.
Jeans (T.), *Tommiebeg Shootings on a Moor in Scotland*, new edition, 2s. 6d. Routledge.
Laddell and Scott's *Greek-English Lexicon*, fifth edition, 4to, 31s. 6d. Longman.
Lytton (E. B.), *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, library edition, 12mo, 5s. Blackwood.
McNicholl (D.), *Handbook for Southport, Medical and General*, post 8vo, 3s. 6d. Churchill.
Mahomet's *Life*, by W. Muir, vols. iii. and iv., 8vo, 21s. Smith and Elder.
Mailing (E. A.), *Indoor Plants, and How to Grow Them*, second edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Smith and Elder.
Marryat (Captain), *King's Own*, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Routledge.
My Brother Ben, 18mo, 1s. Religious Tract Society.
Napier (Sir W.), *William the Conqueror, an Historical Romance*, new edition, 12mo, 2s. Routledge.
Notes and Queries, second series, vol. ii., 4to, 10s. 6d. Bell.
Parlour Library: St. John (P. B.), Alice Leslie, 12mo, 2s. Pike (J. G.), *Sermons and Addresses*, 18mo, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Post-Office London and Suburban Court Guide, 1861, 8vo, 10s. Kelly.
Punch, vol. vi., re-issue, 4to, 5s.
Railway Library: Rowcroft (C.), *Fanny, the Little Miller*, 2s.
Rivers (Garth), *Miss Gwynne of Woodford*, 2 vols., post 8vo, 21s. Smith and Elder.
Robertson (F. W.), *Sermons at Brighton*, vol. iii., sixth edition, post 8vo, 9s.
Ryle (J. C.), *Spiritual Songs*, second series, 32mo, 1s. Wertheim.
Three Barriers, Notes on Mr. Darwin's Origin of Species, &c. 8vo, 4s. Blackwood.
Young Reporter, *Practical Guide to Short-Hand Writing*, post 8vo, 1s. Beeton.

DR. BARTH ON M. DU CHAILLU'S ADVENTURES.

We have just received a Paper of Dr. Barth's, contained in the last number of the *Zeitschrift für allgemeine Erdkunde*, and hasten to lay it before our readers, without any comment of our own for the present. After a short introduction, he proceeds to give a lengthened and minute analysis of M. Du Chaillu's book, following him step by step, chronologically, from January, 1856, to June 1st, 1859; adding notes of his own to every single fresh item. This analysis is followed by Dr. Barth's own reasoning and conclusions, and also by lengthened quotations from the Proceedings of the Society of Natural History of Philadelphia, of all the passages in them where mention is made of M. Du Chaillu and his doings.

Lastly, Dr. Barth adds a postscript in answer to M. Du Chaillu's notice prefixed to the second edition of his book, which M. Du Chaillu intended as an answer to the objections raised by Dr. Gray and others with respect to his chronology. Both the analysis and postscript we reserve for our next number; and we will only add that we have tried, in the interests of all parties, to render the words of the eminent German traveller as faithfully as possible:—

We shall only examine here the geographical value of the above-mentioned work, leaving the examination of the zoological material it contains to the zoologists. For although M. Du Chaillu was, properly speaking, only a collector of objects of natural history, as we shall see more distinctly at the conclusion, he nevertheless claims consideration from

a geographical point of view, not only by the title quoted, in which his travels are described at once as *explorations*, but also because he distinctly states that the purpose of his stay in that equatorial part of Africa was its exploration (p. 1: "My purpose was to spend some years in the exploration of a region of territory lying between 3° north and 3° south"). Nay, he even goes so far as to say (p. 24), "the Gaboon, being old and beaten ground, did not need my explorations." But here we recognize at once the value of M. Du Chaillu's performances from our point of view; for, if he really had been an explorer, that is, an investigator who wanted to learn the natural connection between the country and the people, he would have taken some trouble to learn something more about that curious river. He never seems to have cared about the chain of mountains which runs, without interruption, close behind its eastern tributaries, the Como and Bogue, or Boguoc, as he spells it, at a distance of scarcely eighty geographical English miles, and which entirely shuts out that entire estuary from the interior. For how could that immense estuary of the Gaboon, a river which in extent scarcely yields to any of the ancient world, have formed itself, unless there were a great system of streams behind it? On this most important point, for the resolution of which every one who takes an interest in that country must have been anxious, we do not receive the slightest information from Du Chaillu; although he had formerly lived there for years, his father trading under the protection of the French fort situated on the Gaboon itself; and although he also spent there several months during the very journey he describes in the book before us. It was principally in the hope that the old doubts with respect to the river-system of this country might at length be solved, that we called attention to the first news which reached us from the New World of Du Chaillu's achievements on this ground, and that we tried to describe his travels after the few statements received (vol. viii. p. 324 of this Journal). It may be that the two tributaries, about which we may now also expect information from French sources, have no extensive river development; but the estuary must needs stand in connection with the waters of the interior through some one arm, although that arm may now be dried up; and I had pointed out the Remboë or Bamboë, a general name (Rembo) given to a great estuary flowing in from the south, as in all probability being that arm.

We shall now examine carefully what Du Chaillu has done towards the elucidation of these countries in a geographical point of view. A short glance at the book, and more especially at the map, will show at once that while the travels near the sea are laid down generally with great inaccuracy, the routes at a greater distance from the shore are much richer in material, and apparently much more precise. As it is exceedingly difficult to follow the traveller, on account of his being generally silent on the date of each individual journey where it would be of importance; while he frequently gives for the smallest and most insignificant events not only the month, but also the day and hour—(except only the numerous dates in the fictitious year 1858, No. 2, where, being unfettered by time and space, he gives unlimited vent to his air-bubbles)—we will arrange in chronological order, and in accordance with the dates given by him, the different enterprises and incidents of his travels, as he describes them. An examination of his statements, when thus chronologically arranged, leads us to the painful conclusion that M. Du Chaillu is not only entirely inaccurate in his facts and descriptions, but that he has also falsified [*gefälscht*] a great portion of his travels; although, in answer to the attacks of the English zoologist, Dr. Gray, he describes his map as being founded on careful observations with the compass, and avers its general truthfulness—"That my map is primitive, I do not pretend to deny: it is merely a sketch map obtained by careful observations with the compass; but upon its general truthfulness I stake my reputation."—*Athenæum*, May 25, 1861, p. 694.) Setting aside a general vague correctness, such as might be obtained by tolerably sharp inquiries from the natives, correctness in the detail must be entirely out of the question, if only because his account contains, as I shall show in each instance, the grossest contradictions to statements which he published formerly; contradictions which account for

the difference between the sketch I made after his former statements, and the map he now adds to his book. The book itself contains, save the most general and schoolboy-like accounts, no material for a map whatever.

We now give this chronological survey of the travels described in M. Du Chaillu's book, according to his own dates. We will only make this preliminary observation, that in October, 1855, he left North America, and on the 24th of August, 1859, had returned to Philadelphia. His lecture at the Geographical Society in New York, the statements of which we considered on a former occasion, was delivered January 4, 1860. (Here follows the analysis.)

We have thus impartially followed the account in detail, and have allowed it to speak for itself. The reader can now form his own judgment from the various data, in regard to which we have purposely been explicit, in order to settle the question once for all. M. Du Chaillu has to thank himself if, after this, we cannot for the present make use of any of his materials, as far as geography is concerned, but must leave them to their fate. Had he given what he really had seen as his own observations, and had tried to describe that to the best of his ability—and had he then given the rest of his statements, which he may have heard from the natives, as something additional:—we should have been very grateful to him, and might have been able to make use of everything according to its worth. But as, on the contrary, he has mixed up everything—the certain, the uncertain, the palpably false—in one mass, and intentionally arranged, or rather tried to arrange it all as the result of his own exploration, in a chronological order, his entire work has thus lost all geographical value. To produce anything reliable in this respect, Du Chaillu seems incapable, as we see from the points where we are able to test him. Uncertain information concerning the people and the interior generally, had been collected in great abundance by the American missionaries; and this information, which M. Du Chaillu had made his own during his long stay on the Gabūn, added to his own experiences, and what he had learnt in his intercourse with the natives, with whom he was closely connected for many years, form, probably, the chief foundation of his work. Thus, in general, as far as manners and customs are concerned, there may be a general correctness in his statements. But his utter inability to describe even what he has himself really seen, with such accuracy as he might have obtained by using the commonest instruments, shows him to be entirely unfit to give anything like a correct account of that which he only saw by the descriptions of the natives. We cannot therefore even concede to his map that "general truthfulness," as far as the interior at least is concerned, to which he so emphatically lays claim. We can, likewise, positively assert that in many instances M. Du Chaillu has, for the sake of effect, mixed up falsehoods with truthful accounts; and this we feel convinced we have proved satisfactorily, and in an impartial manner, in the notes we have added to the analysis of his narrative.

In order to give the reader a clear notion of the whole affair, we will recount as clearly as possible the circumstances under which M. Du Chaillu undertook his journey to the west coast of Africa; giving extracts in the original [English] language, so as to let the matter speak for itself.

Pierre Belloni Du Chaillu is the son of a Frenchman, who traded for several years under the protection of the French fort erected on the northern bank of the Gabūn in 1843. Here young Du Chaillu naturally found but few opportunities for a scientific education, but he acquired instead a knowledge of the people and country of those parts; mastered the richly developed Mpongwe language, and seems at least to have acquired some knowledge of natural history, more particularly of ornithology. Taking into account the four years mentioned in the Preface (p. viii), previous to his journey to North America, in the beginning of 1855, it appears that since the year 1851 he has made several journeys into the interior, in the neighbourhood of the Gabūn, especially on the rivers Munda and Mūni. He went with the collections and experiences here gathered, to North America in 1855. Here he probably had

introductions through his connection with the North American missionaries on the Gabūn; he mentions (p. 46) himself, that he had made the journey of the Muni with the missionary Mackens. He was sent out in consequence by the Academy of Natural Sciences (which has done much service to the cause of Natural History), under the auspices of the ornithologist, John Cassin, to the equatorial region of the west coast of Africa in October 1855. Young M. Du Chaillu—he was some twenty years old—had already assumed the title of a geographical investigator before the Philadelphia Academicians; pretending to have followed up the Muni to its sources, to have obtained a knowledge of the character of the surrounding mountain chains; and—be it noted, for the right estimation of his fabled journey to the Fan Cannibals—he had already pointed out the tribe of the Paucen, or Fan, as a subject highly deserving of investigation, inasmuch as this tribe, according to his opinion—characteristic of his geographical knowledge—extended to the sources of the Nile. He also asserted that he had followed up the river Munda one hundred and fifty miles from the coast; a river which altogether scarcely extends beyond sixty miles; and that he had discovered its source likewise in the threefold mountain-chain which borders the coast. Most of the collections he then brought with him were said to come from this very Munda.

It was in consequence of such assertions that at the very first sending out of Du Chaillu, the Academy of Philadelphia laid it down as the object of his journey, "that he should penetrate into the interior, from Cape Lopez, in 1° S. Lat., in order to try to reach the source of the Congo." It strikes us, on the whole, as strange and only explainable by his relation to the Fans, who are supposed to live towards the interior from the rivers at the source of the Muni, that Du Chaillu, after a long preparatory stay at the Gabūn, should again have gone up the Muni. That this journey could not have been borrowed from the former time p. viii of the preface shows distinctly, for apart from the most explicit chronological arrangement of the journey, he says positively, that he describes in his book only the four (three) years from (the beginning of) 1856 to (the beginning of) 1859. "Of the eight years, during which I have visited this region of Africa, the present volume contains the record of only the last four,—1856, 57, 58, and 59, which alone were devoted to a systematic exploration of the interior." And that he really did go up the river Muni in 1856, we see from the circumstance of Mr. John Cassin's laying the catalogue of an ornithological collection, made by M. Du Chaillu in the previous year, before the Academy in one of the January meetings. One thing is here very surprising, namely, that in the meeting of December 23rd, 1856, there is repeated mention made of a collection formed by him at Cape Lopez, while, according to his own accounts, he only went there in the middle of 1857. (See the conclusion of this paper.)

I may say here, that it seems not only possible, but even likely, that Du Chaillu has strung together in this book the records of several smaller journeys into one large description, and he might have done so without any harm, if he had intended to write only an attractive and entertaining book for the general public. But the science of geography suffers under a treatment of this kind to such a degree, that it cannot make any use of such materials, huddled and mixed up together, if only for this reason, that in these regions the seasons produce such an immense change in the whole character of the landscape, that an account, which would transmute a journey, undertaken in the dry season, into the rainy season, or vice versa, would have no value whatever,—as little as natural history collections can have, when the place where the various objects were found is wrongly given. But we think we have proved that Du Chaillu never got beyond the Anengue Lake and the lowest course of the Fernando Vaz.

We will, in conclusion, before giving the quotations from the Proceedings of the Academy of Philadelphia, draw the special attention of the reader to the following passage of the account of Mr. John Cassin, in the February No. of 1857 of that journal:—"M. Du Chaillu is now on the point

of going up the river Camma, again in the hope of reaching the Congo, and, if possible, to follow it up to its source. With this journey he will fill up the present year (1857), and the munificence of the Academy has furnished him with sufficient means for his bold and perilous undertaking." Now, after the return of M. Du Chaillu to North America, there is not a syllable in the Proceedings about M. Du Chaillu, one from whom so much had been expected, who stood in such relations to the Academy, and who had promised to lay his Diary before the Academy on his return; while, on the other hand, there appears neither in the preface nor in any other place of the book, a single allusion to his relation to the Academy, or of his obligations towards it. The book is, moreover, not published in America, but in London.

There is no doubt that the book with its adventures which make one's hair stand on end, is highly interesting and attractive, and that it likewise contains many interesting notices,—but for the *servant* it is, except the most general observations, entirely useless for the purpose of reference. I would likewise draw attention here to the circumstance that almost at the same time with Du Chaillu a Dr. H. A. Ford stayed on the Gaboon and made collections of reptiles. Du Chaillu, however, never mentions him. The missionaries stationed at the Gaboon and Corisco could give us some accounts of his doings thereabouts, and we may hope to hear ere long some further elucidations on the subject of his actual journey.

I shall now quote those passages from the Proceedings of the Academy of N. S. of Philadelphia, which contain statements in reference to Du Chaillu's journeys.

The first is by John Cassin, and refers to the *Barbatula Du-Chaillui*, which the traveller himself says he shot at quite a different time, in the interior.—*Proceedings, April 1855*, vol. vii. p. 324.

"This bird is named in honour of its discoverer, M. P. Belloni Du Chaillu, an enterprising young traveller, who has explored extensive and almost unknown regions of West Africa, near the equator, whose discoveries in zoological and geographical science are in a high degree important and interesting. M. Du Chaillu ascertained the existence of three ranges of mountains at a distance of 150 miles from the coast, in which he traced the river Moonda to its source. The birds described in the present paper were collected during his journey along the course of this river. In his collection there are also numerous species hitherto little known, of which, and of those now described, his ample and interesting notes have been most kindly placed at my disposal, and will be published at my earliest leisure."

The birds mentioned further on are likewise all from the Moonda.

Then in the meeting of October 16, 1855, vol. vii. p. 410, "Mr. Cassin announced that M. Du Chaillu was about to return to Western Africa, for the purpose exclusively of GEOGRAPHICAL exploration, and the collection of objects of Natural History. Arrangements have been made to secure, for the cabinet of this Society, the collections of birds especially, and also of some other objects. Mr. Cassin explained the general design of the expedition, which was to pass FROM CAPE LOPEZ, 1° S. Lat., towards the supposed source of the Congo river, with the intention of attempting to reach its source."

"M. Du Chaillu has already penetrated further into the interior of this part of Africa than any other white man. The coast is unknown further inland than from twenty to twenty-five miles, except to slavers, there having been no exploration of that part of Africa. M. Du Chaillu had been on the rivers Moonda and MOUNI, had traced the latter to its source, and had ascertained the existence of high mountains, probably a continuation or spur of the Atlas range, and much further south than is to be found in any published maps."

"Another fact ascertained by him is the existence of a very populous nation, of marked Negro character, known as the Powein nation, which he estimates at from five to seven millions. Their country extends across from the sources of the Moonda, probably to the sources of the Nile (!), and the nation is probably that mentioned by Bruce as occasionally descending the Nile (!!!). It is a warlike and cannibal nation, engaged in agriculture, not wandering,

resembling in this respect the Ashantees and Dahomeys. It displays the highest degree of civilization yet observed among the true Negroes, presenting an analogy to the Feejees, among the Oceanic nations. M. Du Chaillu possesses peculiar advantages as an explorer. He has lived long in the country, is entirely acclimated, speaks well two of the languages, and understands thoroughly the Negro character. He proposes to proceed merely with convoys of natives from each tribe, successively to the next.

"(At the suggestion of Dr. Leidy, a committee was appointed to solicit contributions from the Members of the Academy, to aid the expedition.)"

In the same volume, p. 439, other birds of Du Chaillu's, from the Munda, are enumerated. There is also a specimen of the notes he wrote himself, with respect to the places where he found those birds.

Then, vol. viii., August 19, 1856,—"Mr. Cassin presented a paper entitled 'Descriptions of New Species of African Birds in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, collected by Mr. P. B. Du Chaillu, in Equatorial Africa. By John Cassin.' This catalogue is published p. 156 seqq., where again all the birds are from "Moonda River, Western Africa," and p. 253 seqq., two more species from the same locality. Mr. Cassin also announced the reception of a collection of *Mammals, Birds, and Shells*, from Mr. P. B. Du Chaillu, who had begun his labours in Western Africa. (He can only have made this collection on the Gabun and in Corisco itself, as he stayed there till the end of July, 1856. But see Postscript.)

Then follows a notice of December 16, 1856, p. 300:—"Mr. Cassin read a paper from Mr. P. B. Du Chaillu, dated Corisco, Gaboon, October 15, 1856, transmitting a large and valuable collection of objects in Natural History, and giving an interesting account of his explorations. On motion of Dr. Le Conte, Mr. Cassin was requested to prepare an abstract of the letter for publication in the Proceedings."

Then, December 23, 1856, p. 301, "as a paper presented for publication: catalogue of birds collected at Cape Lopez, W. Africa, by Mr. P. B. Du Chaillu, in 1856, with notes and descriptions of new species, by John Cassin." This catalogue is published (see further on), p. 33 seqq., in the year 1857.

Then follows (vol. ix.), 1857, January 20, p. 1, "Catalogue of birds collected by P. B. Du Chaillu on the river Muni, W. Africa, with descriptions of new species, by John Cassin."

Then, p. 10 of the same year:

"Descriptions of several new mammals from Western Africa, by John Leconte. Among a large collection of birds sent from Africa by M. Du Chaillu, were a few species of mammals, which have been referred to me for examination. The following is the result of my researches. Some of them appear to be new, &c."

Among those we find also, p. 11, the *Sciurus punilus*, which Du Chaillu himself says in his book, that he shot in Agobi's village, on the Apingi, on the 21st of December of 1858, No. 2,—in an entirely different region, two hundred or three hundred miles from the coast.

Then, in February, 1857, we find the above-mentioned catalogue. "The collection of birds, of which the succeeding is a catalogue, was made by M. Du Chaillu during a journey up the river Muni, made with a hope of being able to reach the supposed source of the river Congo as laid down in recent maps. In this, however, he did not succeed, being prevented by ranges of high mountains, and the fact that the nations of Negroes at the extreme point attained by him were unwilling to allow any of their people to accompany him, and apparently knew nothing of the nations beyond those mountains. He penetrated to a distance of two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles from the coast, and traced the Muni to its source.

As at Cape Lopez (at No. 10 of this collection appears *Andropodis virens*, with habitat Cape Lopez and River Muni, West Africa), M. Du Chaillu did not collect [this time] birds of which numerous specimens had formerly been sent, in his collections, from the Gaboon and from the Moonda, this fact will account for the absence of some well-known species from the present catalogue.

M. Du Chaillu is at present about to undertake

the ascent of the River Camma, lat. about 1° 30' S., again hoping to reach the Congo, and, if successful, will attempt its ascent to its source. With this journey he will occupy the present year, and is amply provided with the necessary equipment for his arduous and perilous undertaking, through the liberality of gentlemen of this Academy."

At the end of the catalogue of reptiles of Dr. Henry Ford, "stationed at the mouth of the Gaboon, as physician to an American missionary establishment," page 71, (whose longest serpent, a Proteroglyph, p. 61, measures 6 feet 9½ inches, to which I only call attention à propos of Du Chaillu's serpents of up to thirty-three feet), Mr. Edward Halliwell, M.D., says, p. 71:

Few countries, probably, present a more interesting field for the herpetologist than Africa, whether we regard the variety or the remarkable character of the forms; and we hope, through the efforts of M. Du Chaillu, who is travelling in the Gaboon, with a view to discover, if possible, the source of the Congo or River Zaire, and of Dr. Ford, who is stationed at the mouth of the Gaboon, that we shall be enabled to develop more fully the herpetology of that region."

During the whole year of 1858 there were no communications from Du Chaillu to the Academy of Philadelphia.

January 11, 1859, (Proceedings, 1859.) Mr. Cassin, then one of the three curators, communicates the following letter from Du Chaillu (this is how his name is generally spelt there) dated Fernando Vaz River, September 28, 1858:—

"Since I left the Gaboon in 1857 I have explored the Camma or Fernando Vaz river, and the Ogobai river, which is a branch of the Camma, but was prevented from ascending the latter by the natives. I have ascended also to the distance of about two hundred miles, the Rembo and the Ovenga rivers."

"The country of the Nazareth and the Camma is intercepted by large rivers, creeks and lagoons, going in every direction in the interior, and to all of which the natives have given distinct names. Some of these rivers are wide and deep, and would be navigable for steamers to a great distance. In some places the soil is very rich and in others sandy. The ebony and red-wood trees are very abundant."

"One of the most interesting facts that I have determined is, that the cannibal tribe (the Pauvins) which I met with on the HEAD-WATERS OF THE RIVER MUNI, seem to terminate in the interior—(so here he does not dream yet of asserting that he had visited this cannibal tribe in its own country, and had thus crossed the three mountain ranges)—up the Nazareth rivers, the banks of which are inhabited by various tribes calling themselves Orounga, Ogobai, Pandjai (these are neither mentioned in his book nor on his map, and take in this latter the place of the Adjomba of the book), Aninga, Okanda, and Apindgi; none of these are cannibals, and they speak of the Pauvins as further north and in the interior (so he did not know then in September where the Pauvins really did live), and my conclusion is, that this cannibal people either follow the mountains, which I THINK take here an eastern direction, or that they cease. Up the Rembo, which is the main branch of the Fernando Vaz, the Bakalai tribes disappear; then follow a people calling themselves Ashira, and next to them come the Apindgi."

"Up the Ovenga, I left it and went into the interior amidst the Bakalai people, and afterwards INTO THE ASHIRA COUNTRY. (So, according to this letter, he has visited the Ashira country before September of the real year 1858; while, according to his book, he did not reach it before October 29 of the year 1858, No. 2. What untruth can be more palpable!) The Ashiras are quite a different people from any that I have yet seen in Western Africa. They cultivate tobacco extensively, and cotton to some extent also; but the principal cloth made by them is from a kind of grass, which is very fine. Food, with this people, is abundant; and they are the only people I have yet seen in this country that had domesticated hogs."

"Immense forests, in which the ebony-tree is very abundant, border the banks of the Fernando Vaz; but at the highest point that I reached, the country was more open, and grassy plains frequently presented themselves. I was assured by the natives that this was the character of the country still

higher up the river and its branches; and they speak of a large prairie, and of a large lake also, further in the interior. The latter, as far as I can judge from the accounts of the natives, is about six hundred miles from the coast. (There is no mention whatever made in the book of such a lake.) At present my intention is to make another journey in the latitude of the Fernando Vaz in search of this lake, which I have some hopes may prove to be the source of the Congo. In this journey I may, perhaps, also ascertain the course of the mountains that I reached (N.B. reached, not crossed), in ascending the Muni river."

"I have made maps of all the rivers that I have ascended, and have, with much difficulty, kept my journal without intermission, and hope to lay it before the Academy on my return to the United States. I send by this vessel four boxes and three barrels, containing collections of quadrupeds and birds, in which are many interesting specimens, and some that I have never collected before. All are from the Fernando Vaz or Camma, the Ogobai, Rembo, and Ovenga rivers."

The catalogue of this collection of Du Chaillu's was laid before the Academy at its next meeting on the 18th of January, by John Cassin, and was published, p. 30 seqq., where it is described in flattering terms, as being "the most extensive and interesting yet made by him (Du Chaillu), or ever yet received from Western Africa, in the Museums of this Academy." But Mr. Cassin has not given the habitat of the birds as being on the rivers Rembo and Ovenga, because he could not follow those up on the map; and with respect to the Ovenga he seems to have been perfectly right at all events, as Du Chaillu probably never went so far. Several species are identical with those sent from the Muni and Munda. The catalogue is continued p. 133, then p. 172.

I beg to state in conclusion, that I wrote to Mr. Cassin, before the middle of last year, in order to hear something from him about M. Du Chaillu, but received no answer.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FLORENCE, July 19.

I EXAMINED, in my last letter, the motives which have induced a large number of the Italians to demand that Rome should become the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, and which have led the friends of Italy beyond the Alps very generally to the notion that such would be the natural and obvious arrangement. It was quite a matter of course, that the name which has filled the largest and most conspicuous place in the history of the world, should be the one to which the eyes of the world would turn immediately, on the *prima facie* presentation of the question, "What shall be the capital of the entire Italian peninsula?" It was a matter of course within Italy, as well as outside of its frontiers. Notoriety in such a matter goes for much; and has ever a strong tendency to stand in the minds of the generality, in the place of any real acquaintance with the person or thing to be judged. Then the Italians have a strange and unreasoning pride in Rome, akin to that of a mother for a clever and handsome but worthless and reprobate son, which is by no means without its influence, even on those animated with the bitterest hostility to the Papacy. It is very curious to observe how powerfully active this feeling was in preventing the extension of Protestantism in Italy in the sixteenth century. Many a leading mind at that day, which had reached the conviction that the Pope and his pretensions were altogether evil, was yet sufficiently corrupted by the bribery of this sentiment to yield to the temptation of retaining that, which imparted to Italy a power and a position in the world altogether peculiar and solely hers. That old feeling still survives, and is operative, though with very notably diminished vigour. The conviction that not only no good thing can, henceforward, come out of the Papacy, but that no good thing can grow and flourish beneath its poisonous shadow, is now all but universal in Italy. The Italians look to achieve a proud position among the nations of Europe by quite other means; and

are firmly bent on eradicating an institution which they rightly deem incompatible with those hopes. Yet they would fain profit by the prestige imparted by the past greatness of him whom they are bent on destroying, to the place which they hope will soon know him no more! They would fain execute judgment on the old misdoer, and inherit the splendour acquired by him through the very misdeeds for which they have condemned him!

But there is a foundation of real truth in the superstitiously used adage, that ill-gotten wealth never prospers. The respectable heir, who blushes for the means by which the old reprobate, now gone to his account, amassed the treasure left behind him, repudiates his relationship, renounces his ideas, condemns him unsparingly, but will keep the money available for so many righteous purposes. But the popular voice declares that there rests a curse upon the ill-gotten wealth; even in hands comparatively innocent, but stained by contact with it, no good shall come of it. And the popular opinion is not wholly destitute of foundation. But if a certain amount of unreasoning superstition be needed to accept unrestrictedly the dictum in such a case, it might be shown by an examination of the matter, on the most strictly philosophical principles, that a similar fate would wait on any attempt to appropriate in such sort the heirship of the Papacy.

What is the inheritance which the dying Papacy will leave to those who come into possession of its ancient dwelling? What it will leave to mankind in general might be, and will be, matter to be questioned in volumes unnumbered and unending debate. But what will it more unquestionably leave specially to the new rulers of Rome?

As that which a man has become is a surer and truer test of the sum total of the worth of his life than can be supplied by any catalogue of his various actions; so the value of a political system is better tested by the grade of civilization which the community living under its influence have attained, than by any statement of the actions, policy, and measures of its government. Now, the population of the city of Rome is, beyond all question, inferior in every quality which can be held to constitute civilization, to any other of the large cities of Italy, excepting always Naples. If any of those numerous English men or women, who have passed an enjoyable winter at Rome, should feel inclined to doubt this assertion, they should be reminded that the numerousness of travellers in Italy, and the tide-like regularity of the ebb and flow of them, and the systematized preparations for receiving them, amusing them, and forwarding them on their way, effectually prevent them, in every part of Italy much frequented by visitors, from coming into contact with any fair samples of the genuine social condition of the people. Visitors live and move in a special world, specially prepared for them. And this is the case to a greater degree at Rome than in any other city. It is so more remarkably there than elsewhere, because the difference between all that is necessary for the due entertainment of the profitable guests in every kind,—in material comfort, in social manners, in all the decencies of life,—and that which the people themselves are accustomed to in all these matters, is greater there than elsewhere. The mere visitor for the winter at Rome may rest assured that he has seen little or nothing of the moral and material condition of the real masses. Nevertheless, those travellers who have had such opportunities of observing the people of Rome and Florence, as merely passing through their streets can furnish, may be appealed to as unflinching witnesses to the very striking superiority of the latter in all that meets the eye.

A longer observation would be necessary to show the marked inferiority of the Roman to the Florentine populace in sobriety, decency, intelligence, manners, courtesy, temper, self-control, and above all, in respect for law, and the consciousness of its necessity. A yet closer intimacy would disclose the extraordinarily ramified and ubiquitous results of this last deficiency throughout the whole conduct of daily life, and in the laws, maxims, and ideas, which form the popular code of life and morals. How, indeed, could any other state of things result from a rule, under which, law, or the abuse of it, was every man's enemy; and if terrible to any class less than to another, least so to the wrong-doer?

How could aught else than this comparative superiority and inferiority of the two communities result from the whole course of the history of both of them? Let it be remembered what life and rule were at Rome, while the first principles of free government and modern civilization were being discovered, worked out, and put in practice at Florence. While on the banks of the Arno men were being formed to the great civilizing effort of self-government, by a process of education, the far-reaching effects of which were by no means lost in the national character, though the effort was overborne and failed; at Rome, ruffian barons were educating the people to lawless violence, and false, scheming priests were teaching them how force could only be met and withstood by fraud. It is curious, too, to observe how the vices of the Papal rule have operated on the different communities subjected to it with a corrupting force, intense in proportion to their nearness to the head-quarters of it. The population of Bologna, though deteriorated by the effects of priestly government, is universally admitted to be much less corrupt, and of higher worth, than that of Rome.

It would need the space of a volume to point out in detail how every circumstance of life, during many centuries, at Rome, has tended to barbarize and demoralize the people. The concentration of wealth fostered by its laws of property and inheritance, the concentration of property fostered by its ecclesiastical encouragement of mendicancy, the multiplicity of means of getting a better livelihood than could be obtained by honest labour, the universality of a régime of privilege and favouritism, the constant award of all the prizes of life to seeming rather than to being, the perpetual spectacle of the most un-priestly men in the character of prince-priests,—all the most familiar phenomena of life at Rome have tended to make the Romans what they are; and it will require the lapse of more than one generation to replace them on a level with cities which have not been exposed to these evils.

Such a recovery may, no doubt, be hoped for. But can it be questioned that in the meantime it would seriously compromise the future career of the young nation, to make a city so circumstanced, its capital? Let the influencing and assimilating action of a capital be reflected on,—its power to give the key-note in morals, manners, and tone of thought;—the almost impossibility that any other city should continue to be superior to it in all that makes civilization! Let it be remembered that the capital of a parliamentarily ruled country has far greater means of thus making itself the model for every part of the nation, than the capital of a despotism. There, the Court and its hangers-on, and the city in which they dwell, live apart from the body of the people, and influence them comparatively little. But the capital of a parliamentary country is like a heart, drawing the blood from every part of the system, colouring it, and then sending it back again to form and give character to the entire organization. Every member sent to the chamber from every part of Italy, and every member's wife and child and servant, will carry back with them the inoculating virus of Roman ways and habits, thoughts and notions.

It is a prospect for which no "heights of the Capitol," no *magni nominis umbra*, no Imperial or Papal reminiscences, even if all these things had ten times the value the most poetical enthusiast can attribute to them, can compensate.

A nation's character, and the amount of its capacity for progress, are the product of its past history. That of Florence has been, in all its course, by far the best and brightest of any country in Italy; and during a part of its course, as grand and glorious as that of any in Europe. That of Rome, on the other hand,—putting its imperial stage of existence, which is wholly unimportant on our modern life, out of the question,—has been the saddest and most corrupting which the world has ever seen. With Florence for her capital, Italy will become heir to all the old Florentine civilization. If Rome be selected, she will saddle herself with the burden of mediæval Roman barbarism. In the former case, she will start on her new career from the point of progress which has been reached by the foremost and most favourably situated of her cities. In the latter, she will have to start from the point at which

the most unfavourably circumstanced of them stands now, and to regulate her pace of advancement by the capabilities of the people most incapacitated for progress.

T. A. T.

SCIENCE.

Essays and Observations on Natural History, Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, and Geology. By John Hunter, F.R.S.; being his posthumous papers on those subjects, arranged and revised, with Notes; to which are added the *Introductory Lectures on the Hunterian Collection of Fossil Remains*, delivered in the Theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, by Richard Owen, F.R.S., D.C.L. Vol. I., pp. 403. 1861.

JOHN HUNTER! Who is there of men claiming to rank as of the intelligent community, to whom this name is not perfectly familiar? It were an insult to an educated individual for one to doubt familiarity on his part with that name, such hold has John Hunter retained on the general mind. But if we might venture to go beyond the name, to pass from the man to the man's works, we might take a different ground. If we were to ask what has John Hunter done to secure his almost universal fame, we should find very much more evidence of doubt and hesitation. Newton gave us knowledge of gravitation; Harvey, of the circulation; Galileo, of the telescope; Columbus, of a new world: and, indeed, every man who comes down to us as a genius has given us something, some one thing of great price, with which his name has been specially identified. But what did John Hunter give us? That is the question. To single out any one labour of this man's life, and give to it immortality as a deed, would be impossible. He made a museum. True; but the museum was an extension only of the designs of other museum makers. He was a great anatomist; but this greatness is matter of memory, and does not live beyond the grave. He improved operative surgery; but many surgeons, of whom the public of this day never hear, such as Sharp, Cheselden, and Pott, improved that department much more. He speculated in physiological lore, and wrote about life and vital force; but his ideas on these great subjects were obscure, and even contradictory. One moment he tied life to the animal body, and made it indissoluble from the idea of an organism; the next moment, dazzled by the labours of Priestley and the discovery of oxygen, he placed the vital principle in the air, disavowed it altogether from the body, and, without knowing the fact, fell back on the theories of Spinoza and Burthogge. When we say that he advanced physiology, we view such advancement in the haze of his own obscurity and little learning in scientific letters. Alone, he stands out well a figure of size and mark; but, by the side of Haller, is as Goethe to Shakespeare, or Vesalius to Harvey.

He left us many stores of wealth in natural history; but he sinks before Linnæus as a natural historian; and when we look carefully into his originality, even in the matter of extinct remains of animal life, we trace his brother William running before him, and opening the way to his career in this department, as he did also in anatomy, in museum making, and in physiology. Thus, going through all the subjects with which John Hunter's name is connected, we alight on no labour of his, single in kind, with which specially to unite him, and from which to demand a first place to his honour.

Then why so great the popularity he has re-

tained? Why lift his body from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to Westminster Abbey, in such solemn pomp as we in our day have seen? There must be reasons for the events: there are, perhaps, three reasons. In the first place, there was something about the career and social character of John Hunter which gave an interest to him and his proceedings. His early education and promise was indifferent; a wild scapegrace from the first, he gave in his dawning life little hope of success, and opened his working days in a carpenter's or cabinet-maker's shop. His brother William racing fast into fame in London, John, touched by an ambition which never left him, came to London also, and under William's kind tutelage, was introduced to studies with which his life was afterwards to be blended. After a time he fell ill, and, joining the fighting service of his country in surgeon's colours, went abroad. When he returned home, he began to be more independent, to work his own way to practice, and soon gained credit and name for at least two faculties,—enormous industry, mainly physical, and astounding eccentricity. He would turn out an evening party, and send away the baubles which his poet wife had collected, as dispassionately as Cromwell would dissolve his people's parliament; he would swear at his assistants' fingers, or curse Haller, with a gusto that was irresistible; he would horrify the town by stealing the dead body of a giant; and electrify the saints by declaring an illimitable age for his mother earth; and so setting in almost rude defiance all authorities and powers, from evening réunions to the writings of Moses, he was necessarily a marked man in his time. When, at last, with characteristic impetuosity, he died in a towering passion, in a public hospital, he sent his peculiarities of disposition down to posterity with a momentum which could not fail to be effective for many years in the future.

Again, there was unquestionably a great deal in the stray labours of the man which gave him a reputation. The founding of a museum such as that which came from his hands was alone sufficient to establish a long remembrance; while the peculiarity of the views he promulgated, which, whether new or not in fact, were at least new to English learning, his success as a practical teacher, and his eminence as a practitioner, could not fail to create an impression all-powerful at the time and not readily forgotten.

But yet another element remains, which must always be attentively remembered in estimating the true character of John Hunter, and the causes which led to his perpetuity as a man of science. At the time when he died, the College of Surgeons may be said to have passed, just passed, through its first decade, out of utter scientific barbarism. Still hung there about it the perfume of the barber's saloon, and the trophies of the phlebotomist's skill. Still no one rose to give it pre-eminence and caste, no one who, out of the fulness of knowledge or the impulses of genius, could obliterate, by the presentation of a new picture and life, the old stigma. By good fortune the College at last became, in name, connected with John Hunter. It is not very plain, that during his life the College authorities did much for his encouragement; but death makes great changes, especially in opinions of men, and, consequently, when death took the anatomist and natural philosopher to himself, the College took his fame and made its halls his shrine. In time, a yearly collegiate oration, in homage of the founder of the museum, was installed; and from the museum, as from a centre, the praises of the great man have now long been

annually proclaimed to the world, sometimes in elegant terms and figures, but more frequently in fustian and fulsome ignorance.

In the midst of all the din the political scheme has succeeded. Wanting, generally, in modern lights, the memory of Hunter and the history of his connection with the College has served to illumine dimly the dark place, and make it to the groping pilgrim as oppressive a temple as could be erected over any demigod or hero whatever. The very obscurities of the oracle have fostered this sanctity; for who can understand a demigod, or, in other words, how can a demigod make himself intelligible to an ordinary person, or convey his thoughts in the same grammatical phraseology as a mere scholar and gentleman? Moreover, our oracle has had other uses: its surpassing wisdom, held up as a beacon-lamp to the simple and unassuming, is intended as a warning for the too ambitious, to indicate a line beyond which they must not pass. What honest John would himself say to all the positions he has been thrust into since his demise: now dragged before ministers for a donation to his museum; then offered as an excuse for every variety of shortcoming and abuse; next dug up year after year and presented in as many different habiliments as men of all tastes and no taste can clothe him in, we know not what he would do in the moment of his awakening. He might look round the College with some admiration, and see his own bust with some pride; but when he came to a full appreciation of all that had been practised, we much mistake him if he would not, as speedily as possible, leave the temple with no trifling stamp of foot and verbal denunciation.

The three circumstances we have thus adduced are fair reasons why John Hunter has stood so familiar a figure before the world, from his death until the present time; and why, when he appears suddenly as a posthumous author, we are all eager to see how he expresses himself in a volume, which is now, for the first time, presented to us, and the title of which we have already given.

We recognize a general intentness to examine this volume on account of the author, but we also discern an equal curiosity on account of the volume itself, to which there is, in fact, a special history. When Hunter died, he left behind him a large collection of manuscripts; rumour, probably exaggerating enormously, says as much as would make up some forty octavo volumes. These manuscripts, falling into the custody of Sir Everard Home, made, in great part, a mysterious disappearance, which has resolved itself into the fact that Sir Everard, in a playful and amiable mood, subjected them to heat, and charred them to charcoal. This innocent transaction has almost naturally thrown a sort of suspicion about the fame of Sir Everard. It is known that he himself was given to natural history pursuits, but that he had clumsy fingers, and by many removes anything but a crystal brain. Nevertheless, as is equally well-known, he contrived to write scientific papers, and to make and announce certain small but interesting discoveries in the domain of comparative anatomy. For our own parts, we do not know of any work with Sir Everard Home's name to it of so startling a nature that a doubt should be thrown over it as to its authorship, being even by Sir Everard Home; but, any way, such a doubt has been engendered, and Home has been over and over again accused of constructing papers on his own account out of the Hunterian basket, and afterwards of burning the originals to avoid detection.

This suspicion has, in its turn, added so spe-

cial an interest to the Hunterian manuscripts that fable has invested them with wonder amounting to sublimity. Had these writings really all disappeared, the fame of Hunter, as time went on, would indeed have been nourished more and more on the mystery surrounding the transaction. But of late the idea has been getting abroad that copies of the larger portions of the papers have been saved, and now this idea is brought out as fact. It transpires, that in the course of events, Mr. Clift, the amanuensis and assistant of Hunter, took for many years a delight in copying out his master's writings; and, having for about half a century kept the treasure thus secured in safe custody, in his later days committed it to the charge of another custodian in whom he had confidence.

And now we have the whole history of the first volume of the posthumous papers of John Hunter. Edited by the son-in-law of Clift, Professor Owen, they come to us so far with as little historical dust around them as can well be expected, after the serious ordeal through which they have passed. In the first volume a variety of subjects meet the eye, giving to the work as a whole, essentially the Hunterian stamp. Diversity of thought, with a kind of imperfectly and irregular ideal of unity in the midst of discord, is the main characteristic, as though the man either did not live long enough to complete his own account of himself in his writings, or as though he waited for further light from collateral aid, or as though (and this is the most probable reading of the position) he had endless industry and wonderful curiosity, but no concentration; a guessing faculty, but no positive foresight, as though he could chase the unknown with unwearied foot, and say the direction in which she was to be sought, but could not for all that make her his prisoner, nor present her as found. In the observations on natural history, we have essays, all written in the same strain, on the study of natural history, the classes of animals, motions in vegetables, the development of natural science, the distinctions between animals and vegetables, the point of connection between animals and vegetables, animal matter, the origins of natural productions and of species and varieties, the properties, states, and species of matter. Truly there is in this volume a cosmos from which Humboldt might have borrowed. It is without doubt a characteristic and representative book.

To add to its fidelity as a production from the author of the previous works authenticated as those of Hunter, we have all the like singularities and rudenesses and occasional incoherences of style. A stuttering style without grammar, a style that would of itself ruin any modern author, and suppress for ever a book from the pen of any less celebrated and favoured writer of antiquity; but which, coming from one whom we are all prepared to believe in, has this advantage, that it can, by a little artful doctoring and interposition of words, by free readings and independent sermonizings, be made the text for the most profound truths, and the means for exhibiting its author in the light of prophet as well as philosopher.

With all the obscurity, there can be no doubt that on various points, still of immense interest to us, Hunter dwelt with prudence and thought, and threw out suggestions and guesses which should be learned and remembered by all who are following in his wake. Take, for example, his teaching on the vexed question of the origin of species. In treating of this, whilst he fails to take the extreme view which has of late been so strongly urged by the Darwinian school, he nevertheless goes

as far as he, at all events, could go in a direction towards the unity. For he asks, does not the natural gradation of animals, from one to another, lead to the original species? and does not that mode of investigation gradually lead to the knowledge of that species? Are we not led on to the wolf, by the gradual affinities of the different varieties in the dog? Could we not trace out the gradation in the cat, horse, cow, sheep, fowl, &c., in a like manner? We do not discover that, in any part of the volume, Hunter goes further than this point on the unity theory of animal organization. It was as far as he could go with safety on the basis of his knowledge, and at that boundary he wisely stopped. Whoever, as an enthusiast for Hunter, or for the theory of unity, adduces him either as prophet or originator or supporter on this question, construes him falsely, and does him unmistakeable wrong.

On the subject of the "classification of animals," Hunter put himself rather in the position of a reviewer of other men, than as an authority himself. In this way he recognizes two classes of writers, one studying only what they could observe externally, such as form and mode of life—the other considering merely the internal parts, and the structure of the whole animal. As the subject of the first has an immediate connection with that of the second, the describers of form, he teaches, conjectured what the structures ought to be, by consulting the works of the anatomist; while the anatomist conjectured what the living history is or ought to be from the natural history of others, and, filling up what he conceived to be just, let fancy supply the rest. But such union of knowledge does not properly match. It is one building built at different times—an addition to an original plan: it is no wonder, then, that the whole is imperfect.

This partial study confined, says Hunter, the classifiers of animals in their methods of arrangement; and in his criticism on this point he spares not Linnæus himself. For instance, Linnæus catching at the idea that all the animals which were formerly called quadrupeds had *mammæ*, or breasts, therefore called them *mammalia*, which included the whole. "But from the want of further knowledge, Linnæus has divided these again according to the situation of those parts, bringing, for example, the human kind, the elephant, the bat, &c., into one order; whereas he should only have reduced the situation of the parts themselves into different classes." But while Hunter thus exposed the shortcomings or errors of other naturalists, he did not, as far as we can gather from what is now before us, suggest any classification of his own, better or more accurate or simpler in kind. In the midst of many suggested attempts, in which the enormous difficulties of the task are fully exposed, and offer, as presented, an almost appalling labour to his followers, he stopped short of classification, with an apparent intimation that, to his own mind, the nervous system is the best basis on which to place the divisions of the animal world. But for the moment we must stop, and leave the further analysis of the work for a second and final notice.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

June 3.—C. T. Newton, Esq., Keeper of Classical Antiquities at the British Museum, read a paper on the "Mausoleum of Halicarnassus."

After giving a slight sketch of what was previously known of the Mausoleum, Mr. Newton proceeded to describe the course of his own researches, which have had the remarkable success, not only of satisfactorily proving the position of this famous monument, above the Agora, in the centre of the

ancient city, but also of determining the style of its art and the general character of its structure. He stated that he was first led to make inquiries about the Mausoleum by the arrival, in 1846, at the British Museum, of twelve sculptured slabs, which had been obtained from the walls of the Castle of St. Peter through the influence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then British ambassador at Constantinople; and that he was further stimulated to make excavations, with a view of finding the actual site of the tomb, by having noticed, in 1855, several lions' heads still projecting from the walls of this castle, which, like the slabs previously procured, he had no doubt had once belonged to the Mausoleum.

In 1856 he commenced excavating, and at intervals pursued his researches till the spring of 1858, proceeding gradually, step by step, by mining under ground, covered by modern Turkish houses and gardens, which he had to buy up. He began near a spot where, many years ago, Professor Donaldson had noticed the remains of a superb Ionic edifice, and where he had himself observed many fragments of Ionic columns, the walls of the fields and the houses around being, for the most part, built of fragments of sculpture and architecture in Parian marble. He soon came upon a portion of the body of a colossal lion built into a modern wall; and shortly after, on several fragments of frieze in high relief, and many architectural mouldings. Not long after this, he met with the torso of a colossal equestrian figure in an Asiatic dress, and four slabs of the frieze in the finest condition; after clearing out the site of the building itself, he discovered on the north the Peribolus wall on this side, in an almost perfect state, and beyond it many fragments of statues, which, on being reunited in England, have produced a male and female figure of exquisite workmanship (the former, doubtless, a representation of Mausolus himself, and the latter of a goddess who must have stood near him in the quadriga), together with all the architectural portions required for the determination of the Order, viz. drums of columns, bases, capitals, the two stones of the architrave, the bed-mould of the cornice, and the cornice itself. Besides these, great portions of two colossal horses, unquestionably those of the marble quadriga, executed by Pythis, were discovered, and a number of slabs which there is reason to believe formed the steps of the pyramid, together with portions of the felly, spokes, and the outer rim of one of its wheels.

By the middle of 1857, Mr. Newton succeeded in tracing out the base lines of the original building (nearly every fragment of which had been removed by the Knights, or subsequently), and had proved that the area wherein the edifice had stood was a parallelogram, the western side of which was 110 feet long and the southern 126. The whole of this arena was cut out of the native rock, to depths varying from two to sixteen feet below the surface of the surrounding fields.

Mr. Newton then proceeded to discuss the evidences as to the character of the design of the Mausoleum, as determinable from the fragments he had excavated, and pointed out the difficulties which had beset earlier inquirers in their attempt to reconstruct the Mausoleum from the descriptions of the ancients. He remarked, that architects had been prone to imagine corruptions in the texts of the old writers, whenever the numbers given by them did not happen to square with their modern theories; but that, in this case, a recent collation of the MSS. had shown that there was no important variation in the readings; that Pliny's smaller dimensions of 63 feet must be taken to be the measurement of the *cella* of the building; and that his "*totus circuitus*" of 411 feet must relate to the entire area occupied by the thirty-six columns which surrounded this *cella*. Mr. Newton further showed that, by the dimensions afforded by the treads of the steps, this circumference could be shown to be 412 feet, a coincidence of numbers with that given by Pliny too remarkable to be accidental.

Further elements for calculation were also provided by the happy discovery of the piece of the rim of the chariot wheel; for, by means of this, it was easy to strike the curve, and to ascertain that the total diameter of the wheel must have been 7 feet 7 inches. The length of the horses was about

10 feet, and the entire length of the platform might thus be easily calculated. In the same way the half-diameter of the wheel, combined with that of the statue of Mausolus, gave the means of calculating the height of the chariot group.

Mr. Newton then went on to show that it might be further calculated from existing remains, that the height of the order was the same as that of the pyramidal portion it supported, and that, therefore, of the 140 feet of total height, 75 would be occupied by the columns, architrave, and pyramid, leaving 65 unaccounted for. This was a puzzle which the theoretical restorers had failed hitherto to resolve; but a comparison with the tombs still existing in the adjoining country, in Caria itself, at Mylasa in Lycia, and at Souma in Algeria, shows that it was not unusual to erect such monuments on very lofty basements. He added, that the scattered composition of the frieze and the elongated proportions of the figures on it were adapted to be seen at a great height above the eye, as would be the case in the proposed restoration.

Mr. Newton concluded his discourse by stating that he had, he believed, discovered the very stone which had closed the entrance to the original sepulchre of the king—a huge block of marble, weighing ten tons, carefully grooved at the edges, and then lowered by machinery into sockets, like a portcullis. Close to it was also a staircase, which he believed was made to enable the body of Mausolus to be lowered into its resting-place. The numerous statues of lions which had been met with, must have been placed round the tomb to guard it. Lastly, Mr. Newton added, that the whole of the sculptures had once been painted, the flesh generally a dun colour, with an ultramarine background.

FINE ARTS.

It was stated last week that some of the topics which had previously occupied the attention of Parliament could not then be overtaken. In truth, Parliamentary interest in the fine arts comes all in a heap; and while each item is of considerable importance in itself, and the House can spend some hours in its discussion, the limits of our space prevent us from retailing more than one, or at most, two items in a week, so that neither we nor our readers can keep abreast of our very hasty legislators. One of the topics introduced last week into the Miscellaneous Estimates, was a sum of £2000 for Board for Promoting Manufactures in Scotland; and although, as was stated by us then, this vote had no ostensible connection with the fine arts, yet, as those acquainted with the subject know, this annual vote was, for a long period, the basis upon which the whole Scottish school of art has been reared—the fund, out of which Raeburn, Wilkie, Sir J. Watson, Gordon, Roberts, Lander, Faed, and, indeed, all the Scottish artists whose works have been an honour to British art, have been educated. Mr. Hennessy, with true Irish instinct, called this vote a job, but that must be placed to the credit of his ignorance, because no man whose function seems to be claiming all for Ireland to which that country may seem entitled, could under any other plea than ignorance be excused for calling the payment, one of the few grants to which Scotland is entitled under the Treaty of Union, a discreditable job. If the honourable member had taken the trouble to inform himself of the facts, it is perfectly possible that he might have made out a good case, had he asserted that the sum voted was jobbed; but that would not prove that the vote itself was other than a perfectly legitimate item in the national expenditure. This £2000 has gone—

besides supporting the Board for the Promotion of Manufactures—to the support of the only School of Art in Scotland since the Academy. This was established by the Brothers Fowles, printers in Glasgow, and was discontinued at the end of the last century; and when it is known that to the Trustees, who administered this vote, and their Academy thereby supported, we are indebted for all that Scotland has since produced in Art, the public will not be inclined to take Mr. Hennessy's opinion, that this payment has been a mere job. Besides supporting the School of Art, the Trustees used to have a periodical competition of manufacturers of nearly all kinds; and it is not too much to say, that to this Board and its influence and premiums, under the inspiring auspices of the late Mr. Thompson—the friend and patron of Burns, and for whom the Ayrshire Ploughman wrote many of his choicest songs—the country is indebted for the vast strides that such towns as Glasgow, Galashiels, and other places have made in manufactures, both as regards quality and quantity, and, indeed, the one is dependent on the other. It will, therefore, be seen that this vote of £2000 has exercised a great influence upon Art, as well as on its ostensible object, the encouragement of manufactures; and the fruit it has produced in artists, might safely be left for comparison with those Irish votes for similar purposes, which Irish members do not designate as jobs. Still, the truth cannot be concealed, that what was once useful and well applied has now got into at least a questionable position, and, therefore, some change has become desirable, if not indispensable. Indeed, it seems rather difficult to suppose what the Trustees can now do with the money; because there has been no exhibition and competition of manufactures for more than a dozen years, and some three years since the Kensington department swallowed up the native School of Art, and the expenses of that ought, of course, to be found included in the grant for that department. Under the circumstances, the not unnatural inference of Mr. Hennessy and many others is, that the grant is jobbed; and perhaps they are not much mistaken. For a considerable period, the funds and situations, under these Trustees, had been considered a kind of property into which certain lords and gentlemen—all Trustees, of course—could turn decayed servants, very much as old horses are turned into paddocks; but as things of that nature seldom improve, so the Trustees went on from bad to worse in that way, till, on the decease of the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, a man deeply imbued with a love of Art, and who did the duties of his office as Secretary with a sincere desire for Art-progress and an intelligent idea as to how it was likely to be promoted. On his decease, the Trustees added a son of the Earl of Rosebery to the old butlers, &c., in the form of secretary, and from that time forward the Board has been getting deteriorated, until now it would appear to be greatly worse than useless. The Art school has practically, if not nominally, been entirely taken out of its control. With the exhibitions and competitions for manufactures given up, it is not stated what becomes of the £2000 grant; and there are probable grounds for supposing that by means of some circumlocution office, it simply goes for the maintenance of the Earl's son and the old servants whom the Trustees have from time to time foisted upon this portion of the public money. There are others who may share this bounty of the State; and the best step any member of the House interested in the matter could take, would be to ask for returns of all the sources

of income and expenditure in connection with this Board. If we mistake not, there was such a return published some years since; but as there have been many alterations and new appointments, of comparatively recent date, a return up to the present time would throw a flood of light upon what, there is too much reason to fear, was once a useful and important national fund, now perverted into a huge and useless job.

Among other subjects, the Fine Arts Commission and its achievements have occupied a considerable share of public attention, and been the theme of some sham parliamentary talk. As the old proverb has it, "When men brew well, they drink the better;" and so it is with parliaments. Legislators of "taste"—a word that seems in no good odour—object that the nation has spent its money, and that everything has gone wrong. The real wonder is, however anybody could have expected any other result. The Commissioners are men, and, like any other set of men entering on the conduct of matters on which they are utterly ignorant, failure was inevitably with them. If Parliament is determined to give titles and acres the control of the Fine Arts in this country, Parliament ought not to complain that the result is but indifferent; and so long as the people permit ignorance to control National Art, they have no right to complain of failures. Look at the facts from a common-sense point of view. Haydon roused the country into a conviction that it was necessary to do something for Art on a large scale. It was determined to decorate the two Houses with frescoes, and the selection and control of this great experiment was confided to a certain number of titles and a certain number of acres. That the owners thereof had the slightest claim to be considered capable of, or had knowledge for, such a duty, is not even pretended; and nothing can be more foolish than for those who appointed the ignorant, to come before the world complaining that their own selection has produced its necessary fruit. It would not be difficult to show up these frescoes in detail, although there is also a great amount of good thought about many of them; but the Commissioners selected by Parliament did it whether good or bad; and as Parliament made a most foolish selection, it must bear the blame. If properly constructed and abreast with the spirit of the times, such a Fine Arts Commission ought to, and would have, been selected from among the members of the artistic profession, as represented by the Royal Academy; but as that body prefers the slavery of the Court to the dignity of the profession, Parliament and the country take the Academy at its own value. But such a state of things is a great loss of both character and money to the nation; a loss, moreover, which no amount of Parliamentary fault-finding will do aught to remedy. No commission of artists could ever have committed the palpable blunders of the Fine Arts Commission; and so long as the House of Commons, and through them the people, are content to tolerate the intrusion of mere rank into the uncontrolled direction of Art, so long will a succession of failures reward national simplicity, indifference, or ignorance. The frescoes are going to pieces before they are finished, and the ignorance of the Fine Art Commissioners is not so much to blame, as those who first encouraged and still tolerate the blind leading the blind in a path which leads only to the ditch.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"Madame Grisi's Farewell Festival," on Wednesday, drew immense numbers of people to the Crystal Palace to "assist" thereat, as our Gallic friends have it. It is late in the season; months of incessant concerts, matinées musicales, and operas, might well have glutted the ears of musical London, and made them careless even of such a list of vocalists as that presented last Wednesday; and yet, at the hour named for M. Costa to assume his bâton, an audience that crowded the central transept, galleries, and every spot around, from whence even a stray note could be caught, greeted his appearance in the orchestra. A large portion of the "Handel Orchestra" had been partitioned off and enclosed, with due regard to acoustic requirements, for the occasion. But attractive as the Crystal Palace is, it is not the place for musical entertainments on a large scale. It was with great difficulty that the singers were heard at the sides at even a short distance from the reserved seats. Of course there is no place equal to it for "Festivals," and such gigantic affairs; and so the best must be made of a bad matter, still it is a bad matter at the best.

The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (Masaniello)	Auber.
Duo, "Marinero in Guardia Sta"	Rossini.
Aria, "Minacci pur" (L'Assedio di Corinto)	Rossini.
Duo, "Un Tenero Core" (Roberto Devereux)	Donizetti.
Madame Grisi and Signor Mario.	
Aria, "Ah! mon Fils"	Meyerbeer.
Duo, "Non m'inganno" (Otello)	Rossini.
Aria, "Oh! mio Fernando" (La Favorita)	Donizetti.
Madame Grisi.	
Grand Finale (Moisè in Egitto)	Rossini.

PART II.

Overture (La Gazza Ladra)	Rossini.
Romanza (Il Ballo in Maschera)	Verdi.
Aria, "Ernani involami"	Verdi.
Duo, "Ebben a te ferisci" (Semiramide)	Rossini.
Madame Grisi and Madame Didée.	
Ballad, "Good bye, Sweetheart"	Hatton.
Duo (L'Elisir d'Amore)	Donizetti.
Aria, "O luce di quest'anima"	Donizetti.
Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Roberto)	Meyerbeer.
Finale, "La Carità"	Rossini.
Mesdames Grisi, Rudersdorff, Didée, and Chorus.	

For the band, it is not enough to say the nucleus of it was the Covent Garden orchestra? With Costa as their leader, and aided by Manns' compact body of instrumentalists, the overture to "Masaniello," which opened the concert, was a triumph of execution. The Duo following fell somewhat tamely on the ears of the audience, perhaps not yet aroused to enthusiasm, and impatient for what was to come. Grisi and Mario gave Donizetti's Duo from "Roberto Devereux," with an exquisite tenderness and vocal expression. Signor Tiberini chose a difficult air of Rossini's, a somewhat thankless task, and one in which the weak points in his voice, the grating upper notes, were made very prominent. The great feature in the first part was Grisi's "Oh! mio Fernando," which she sang with all her former pathos, and the final movement with a power and dramatic expression, equal to the palmiest days of her vocal triumph. It was, indeed, magnificently given, and the applause that greeted her, general and well-deserved. The Grand Finale to the third act of "Moisè in Egitto," in which the chorus took part, concluded the first half of the programme, to which, besides what we have already noticed, Madame Didée had contributed the air from "Le Prophète," "Oh! mon Fils," and Tamberlik and Ronconi the well-known duo from Rossini's "Otello."

The second part opened with the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," so magnificently played that it was vociferously re-demanded, and repeated. Signor Graziani sang the Romanza from Verdi's new opera with great feeling, but with less effect than when, on the preceding evening, he had delighted the audience at Covent Garden; and, perhaps from a recollection of the encore he had received on that occasion, he thought fit to favour the audience on Wednesday also a second time. Madame Penco, in the Aria "Ernani involami," and Madame Tiberini, in the Air from "Linda di Chamouni," which was seventh instead of fifth in the programme, acquitted themselves admirably. One of the most beautiful pieces of the whole concert was the Duo from

"Semiramide," by Grisi and Didié, in which the fine contralto voice of the latter was heard to great advantage. Mario treated his audience to Hatten's favourite Ballad "Good bye, Sweetheart," which he sang with good intonation, but did not attempt to make so much of as our great English singer does. Ronconi had an opportunity of displaying his comic powers in his share of the Duo from "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Madame Penco. Madame Rudersdorff's powerful voice rendered full justice to the well-known "Robert, toi que j'aime," and the beautiful Chorus of Rossini, "La Carità," given with all the light and shade so exquisite a melody demands, was a fitting conclusion to this successful concert. After this Chorus, a general call was made for Grisi, and she reappeared amid the cheers of the large assembly. In spite of all the gaiety of such a scene, there is something sad in the thought of an adieu after so many years of triumph: and we cannot but feel that there is, and should be, an end to these farewells. Let the great queen of the lyric stage carry with her into retirement and repose the memory of the hearty welcome she received.

OLYMPIC.

Mr. Tom Taylor's drama, "Plot and Passion," has been revived at the Olympic Theatre, with Mr. F. Robson as *Desmarests*. The success which attended Mr. Robson in this part will yet be fresh in the memory of most of our readers, and his conception of it has lost nothing of its first freshness. The war which is waged in his nature between the cold calculating instincts which are natural to the man, and fostered by his odious profession of spy and police agent, and the love which seizes upon him and holds him in an iron grasp, is depicted with energy that is always impressive, and sometimes terrible. Miss Amy Sedgwick was *Madame de Fontanges*, and was also impressive, though unequal. Mr. Horace Wigan was *Fouché*, the great minister of police, and it is needless to say that this part has never been better sustained. The applause was frequent and loud, and the revival of this, which is one of Mr. Taylor's most meritorious dramas, is a much more sterling success than has been the first production of most of those more recent ones, which he has lately poured forth too rapidly, either for the public amusement or his own fame.

STRAND.

Mr. Dion Boucicault's farce, "A Lover by Proxy," has been produced at the Strand Theatre, and the amusing burlesque of "The Maid and the Magpie" has been revived, Miss Wilton taking the part in which she was so successful at its first production.

ST. JAMES'S.

The season of the French plays at the St. James's Theatre has drawn to a close. M. Denney has brought before the English public a varied store of entertainments, comprising a very considerable portion of what is best and most successful in recent French comedy. With the exception of M. Rouvière's "Hamlet," we are not aware of any piece that can justly be deemed a failure. As M. Denney's programme included a change of performance for almost every evening, it clearly passed the limits of a journal like the *Literary Gazette* to give a full account of all. We believe, however, that few pieces of any merit have been produced, some notice of which has not appeared in our columns, either on its performance in the St. James's Theatre, or in our "Musical and Dramatic Gossip" on the occasion of its original appearance in Paris. We congratulate M. Denney very sincerely on the merits both of the pieces performed and of the troupe he had discriminatingly selected; and we could only wish that the attendance had been larger, and held out more reasonable hope of a remuneration that would ensure their re-appearance next season.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

M. Alexis de Lvoff, director of the celebrated choir of the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg, has retired, in consequence of advanced age and infirmities. M. Lvoff is well known for his harmonized version of the chants of the Greek Church, and other musical works; he will be succeeded by M. Bachmétéff.

A grand performance is given this day at the Opera for the benefit of Mme. Marie Petipa, previous to her departure for St. Petersburg. In addition to the "Marché des Innocents," other new dances are in preparation. Tamberlik is expressly engaged, and will sing *morceaux* from "Othello," "Guillaume Tell," and "Don Giovanni;" and the fourth act of "Les Huguenots" will be given, for the first time, by M. Michot and Mlle. Sax.

M. Victorien Sardou is the author of a new piece which, under the title of "Piccolino," has been well received at the Gymnase. *Piccolino* is the name assumed by the heroine of the piece, who is the daughter of a Swiss minister, and who assumes the dress of a boy, in order to win from the error of his ways a young painter of Don-Juanish habits, who has faithlessly deserted her, and is dissipating his time and fortune amid the Bohemian attractions of art society in Rome. M. Sardou is better known in this country as the author of "Les Pattes des Mouches."

The Théâtre de l'Opéra has witnessed the production of a new ballet, entitled "La Vivandière." This was performed the same evening with "Graziosa" and "Le Marché des Innocents"—three ballets in one evening, a fact which has called down indignant censure from the Parisian press.

The foreign papers note the death of Mme. Félix, née Amédine Luther, an actress of some merit. Her most celebrated rôles were those of Marguerite in M. Denney's Faust, and of La Dame de Montsoreau in the well-known piece of that name produced at the Ambigu. Mme. Félix was only thirty years of age, and was interred on Sunday, in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette.

The third edition of Hoffmann von Fallersleben's *History of German Sacred Music* has just been brought out at Hanover. In this new edition is an appendix containing a contribution towards the History of German Poetry.

Mlle. Patti's first performance at a public concert will take place at the Crystal Palace on Friday next, the 9th instant.

Whilst preparations are being made at the Grand Opera, Paris, for the performance of Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," the Opéra Comique has three novelties for immediate representation.—"The Enchanted Forest (Der Zauberwald)," of Bazin; Lefébure Wély's "Die Werber;" and Grisar's "Jeweller" (*Der Juwelier*).

The company of the Frederick-Wilhelmstadt Theatre, at Berlin, have included in their operatic repertoire, Mozart's "Schauspiel-Director," and Dittendorf's "Little Red Riding-hood" (*Roths Kappchen*); also, a new one-act opera, by Schimon, in the style of Offenbach, "Diamond cut Diamond" (*List um List*).

Schliebner, the composer of the opera "Der Graf von Santarem" brought out not long since, has nearly completed another work—"Rizzio."

A Russian translation of Gleich's "Handbook of Modern Instrumentation" has lately appeared in St. Petersburg. The treatise is already in use in many of the musical academies of Germany.

A series of promenade concerts, conducted by Alfred Mellon, will commence on the 12th, at the Covent Garden Opera House.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPTAIN SNOW AND THE 'ENDEAVOUR.'

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—The delay occasioned by trying to get the additional small sum required for our more efficient equipment, has been such as to make it very doubtful about getting through the Middle Ice this season. I am, therefore, reluctantly compelled to follow the advice and wishes of many persons interested in, and supporting, my undertaking, by relinquishing the Northern Route this year. This does not prevent me trying the original plan by Behring Strait; and as the vessel, with all her material, &c., has been kept by me free from debt (paying, as I do, everything weekly), there will be no difficulty in proceeding upon my voyage whenever I can—by my own means or otherwise—obtain what more is required.

Meanwhile I shall not be idle, but intend turning the vessel to some useful purpose in connection with science or exploration.

At any time I shall be happy to meet the friends who have aided me in this effort to do more concerning the Lost Expedition; and thanking them, with the press generally, for all kindly feeling displayed, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. PARKER SNOW.

Newcastle, July 30th.

MISCELLANEA.

The fate of the Sunday question was at length finally settled at a special meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, on Thursday, the 25th ult. The meeting, which assembled "to consider the condition which the House of Commons had annexed to the issuing of the Grant to the Society in the current year, and to take such course thereupon as the Society may deem advisable," was presided over by the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice of Appeal. After the different forms of the Society had been gone through, the Right Hon. the Earl of Clan-carty made a very clear and elaborate speech, in which he said, that although he experienced the utmost reluctance and distaste in being obliged to submit to "the unprecedented and unjustifiable condition" annexed to the grant, still he felt the necessity of deferring to the authority of Parliament, and of endeavouring to carry it out in the spirit of trustees for a great public institution. He concluded by moving, that the Society defer to the opinion contained in the letter of Mr. Lowe to Mr. Cardwell,—namely to have the Gardens opened on Sundays. In the discussion which followed, several amendments were proposed by members of the Society, two of which were withdrawn, and the third, which was to the effect that the Gardens should continue to be closed on Sundays, was lost by a majority of thirteen. The original motion was then put, and carried by 125 to 111. From the very beginning of this important discussion, such a *dénouement* was always contemplated by well-informed men; it being evident, from what had previously taken place, that the majority of the Society did not intend to quarrel with the Government. We rejoice at the conclusion arrived at by the Royal Dublin Society, as there can be no doubt that the withdrawal of the grant (£6000, including £500 for the Zoological Gardens) would lessen, if not entirely annihilate the weight and importance of a national institution which occupies so prominent a place in the metropolis.

A meeting was convened for yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of "creating a National Gallery of British Victories," and the propriety of securing the series of pictures, by M. Desanges, that have been on exhibition in the Victoria Cross Gallery. The conveners of the meeting are General Windham and Colonel Powlett Somerset.

A special general meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society was held on Monday in the Council Room at the Gardens, South Kensington, Mr. S. H. Godson in the chair, when upwards of sixty new Fellows were balloted for and duly elected; including the Turkish Ambassador, the Danish Minister, Marquis of Northampton, Countess of Kinnoul, Viscount Torrington, Viscount Curzon, M.P., Lord Aveland, Lord Camoys, Lord Cranstoun, Lady Roe, Right Hon. Sir David Dundas, M.P., Mr. T. T. Bernard, M.P., Mr. J. B. Stanhope, M.P., Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Grey, Sir Daniel Cooper, Captain W. H. Molyneux, R.N., Captain Barlow, Captain Elwes, &c.

M. Thiers has completed the nineteenth volume of his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, and it will probably be published the early part of the present month.

M. Théophile Gautier has left Paris for St. Petersburg, in order to collect materials for a new work, announced under the title of *Les Trésors d'Art de la Russie*.

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"POOR FRAIL MORTALITY.—The Almighty never made a human being who could become entirely and decidedly hopeless; for 'while there is life there is hope,' and a hopeless being would be lifeless. Invalids should bear in mind, that so long as they exist, they are fit subjects for hope. To sustain this argument, we cite the history of that popular and famous East India discovery, Old Dr. H. JAMES'S EXTRACT OF CANNABIS INDICA. Into thousands of sick chambers, from which hope had been sedulously and wickedly excluded, has this wonderful panacea found its way; and from out those chambers have come, in a short time, resuscitated, reinvigorated, and rejuvenated beings. This medicine is sure remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs, and other complaints of the respiratory organs; and it is an equally certain and speedy cure for all diseases of the nerves, stomach, liver, and brain. Our earnest advice to the sick is to get it, and give it a trial."—*Birmingham Paper*.